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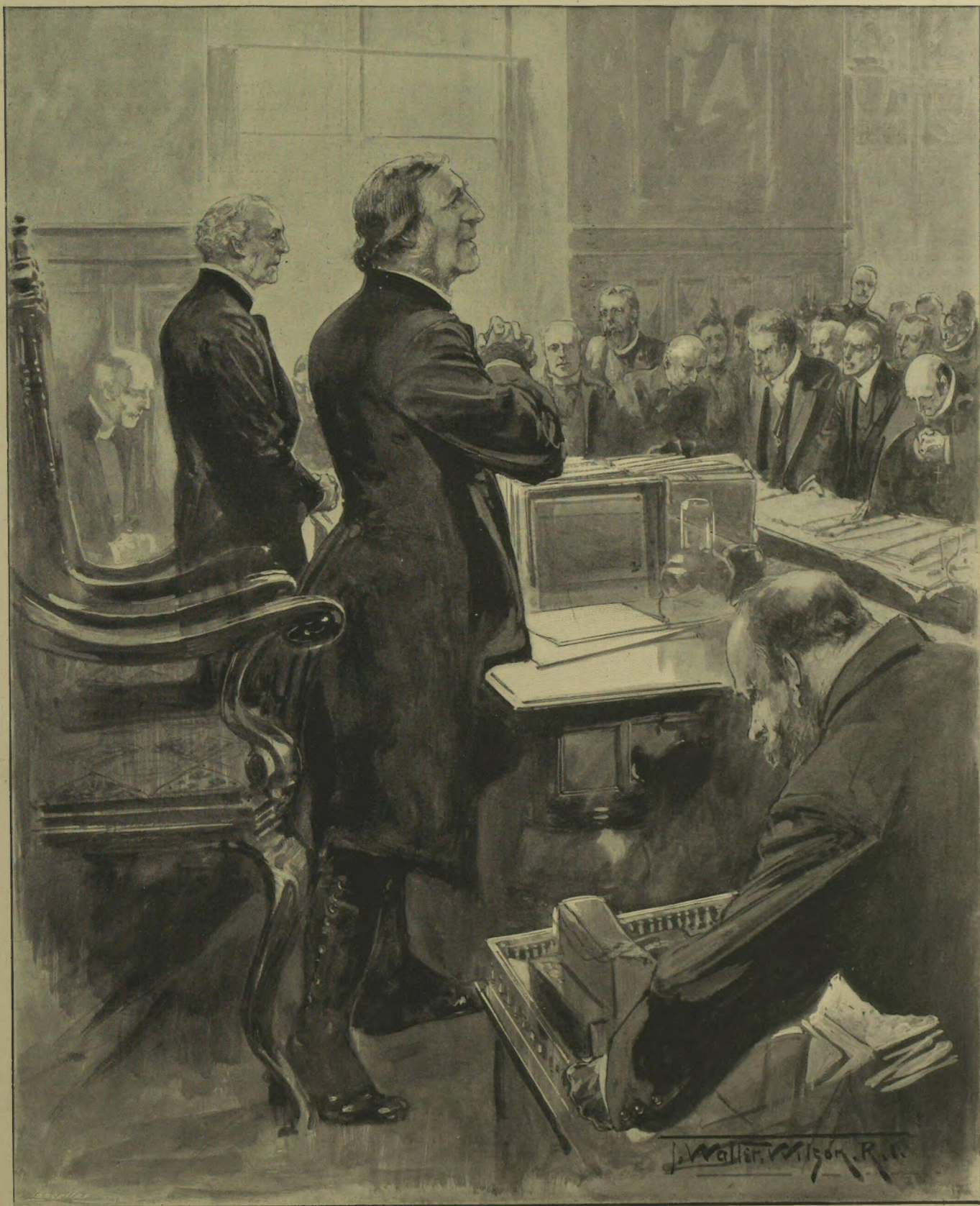
SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1890.

WITH SUPPLEMENT: SIXPENCE.
ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES! BY POST, 6d.

Archbishop of York.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

Bishop of Winchester. Bishop of Rochester.



THE RITUAL TRIAL AT LAMBETH PALACE: THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY OFFERING UP THE OPENING PRAYER.

Drawn by Walter Wilson, R.I.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Lord Rosebery's protest against the leader-writers has my heartfelt sympathy. Every writing man dislikes leading articles, save those which he writes himself, just as everybody harbours a secret resentment against professional criticism. The statesman makes a speech which he expects the newspapers to report, so that the widest public may read and digest it. He would like to think of it sinking into the mind of every meditative citizen who pores over it at breakfast or in the train. But this delightful ideal is upset by the officious journalist who comments on it in large type in the middle of the paper, the said comment, of course, catching the eye of the reader before he has time to study the speech. He scans the leader first; probably he is content to learn all about the statesman's views from this distorting medium, and never reads the speech at all. Could anything be more unfair? The leader-writer is a fallible mortal even when he is friendly to the statesman. He applauds in the wrong place, mayhap, overlooks the chief points, and weakens the noble sentiment with his confounded paraphrase. As for the enemy, he misrepresents everything. Between them, what chance has the statesman of putting his case to the citizen's unbiased intelligence? What right have these middlemen, who dash off their misleading articles in the dead of the night, when every man not bent on mischief is abed, to turn to their own profit the large and lucid patriotism which, but for their interference, would influence directly the hearts and minds of Englishmen?

The saddest thought is that, if deprived of a ready-made commentary, the public might cease to take any interest in speeches. Fancy the emotion of a statesman who found that his epoch-making eloquence had attracted no sort of attention, that the journalists ignored it, and that nobody had been heard discussing it in trains! We are all sensitive to criticism; but we would rather be criticised than remain obscure. Horrible dilemma! We must choose between a public execution or the slow poison of neglect. You will hear authors raging against reviewers, actors against dramatic critics, and (most piquant entertainment of all) critics against one another. It is the fond belief of producers in various walks of art that the public ought to be the sole judge of merit. Why should a critic—an acrid being who sits unmoved in his stall while the pit is huzzinga, or glances superciliously through the pages of a book which is in its tenth edition—why should he be allowed to exercise authority? Why should one set of critics be tolerated when they presume to differ from another set? I remember that when the Ibsen controversy was at its height, the stalls of the theatre where the performances of the Norwegian plays were given had the aspect of two armed camps. The Ibsenite critics sat together, and their opponents sat over against them, and there was a vigorous interchange of derisive sniffs between the acts. A literary critic of my acquaintance, mightily offended with Mr. Andrew Lang about something, described Mr. Lang in an article as "a Scotch critic." It was supposed to be withering sarcasm. I have seen two eminent critics at dinner pecking at one another like two old hens. There is a deal of human nature in poultry. In Paris the other day somebody proposed to abolish dramatic criticism, and several playwrights heartily concurred. In fine, criticism annoys all of us—critics themselves not the least—but the hostility it provokes is too late in human history to be effective. That ought to have begun before man emerged from the station in life in which he was wont to dangle by his tail from the top of the tree and chatter derision of other tails.

There is one subject on which I should like to see all Londoners in accord. Leader-writers are canvassing the claims of the anniversary of Mr. Gladstone's death to a floral celebration. It is highly probable that on May 19 many people will be seen with white roses or lilies-of-the-valley. Some propose to wear daisies, though I question whether the daisy is a suitable emblem of the imperious Gladstone. In my boyhood, young ladies in sashes used to sing at penny readings: "I'd like to be a daisy, if I might be a flower." This was appropriate and soothing; but I don't think Mr. Gladstone ever yearned to be a daisy. However, the defect of any floral display on May 19 must be its exclusive character. True-blue Conservatives cannot be expected to deck themselves for that occasion. Florists who happen to be Unionist voters may even hesitate to put white roses or lilies-of-the-valley in the window. Now, I want some organiser of public sentiment to choose a day which has no political associations and ask everybody to celebrate it by wearing flowers. Perhaps I had better say that I have no money in any florist's business, nor am I a benevolent agent for the much-befathered young women who offer you button-holes at Piccadilly Circus. I have no motive save the desire to see all London radiant with flowers at least one day in the year. What a festival for our rather gloomy old town, in which a flower, when it is not a party emblem, is apt to be considered unbusiness-like, and fit only for gilded youth who toil not, neither do they spin! Many a middle-aged citizen, who would like to wear a flower in his coat, is deterred by the fear of

suspicion at home and ridicule abroad. His wife might think that the flower was a gift of some strange goddess, and his friends might rally him upon a giddy affectation of youth.

We are a shamefaced people, desperately afraid of showing pure gaiety of heart. An American observer, who is writing of us just now, says we hide our graces, which cannot be discovered until the explorer has penetrated our households. To sparkle on the surface, so as to give pleasure to the stranger on the slightest acquaintance, is not the Englishman's way. He leaves that to foreigners, whose gift for being sociable at a moment's notice he suspects of insincerity. He will wear a flower at a wedding, because the wedding convention comprehends flowers; but when the wedding is over he puts the flower from him as though it were a guilty thing. You cannot change national character any more than you can correct those limitations of a nervous system which lead Mr. Frederic Harrison to the singular judgment that Keats and Lamb are not first-rate writers because they do not "teach" anything. Beauty is no doctrinaire. Mr. Harrison should ponder that famous saying about the lilies of the field, which means that, although they are not professors, and have no calendar of saints, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. I say you cannot change the national character; but some philanthropist might soften our grimness and reticence by making a floral holiday. Why should he not found the Button-Hole League, the members of which would pledge themselves to decorate the town one day in the year with unpretentious nose-gays?

Even the cult of the white hat (such a pleasant break in our drab monotony) has died out. That hat used to be worn by solicitors. They may have thought it a stimulus to litigation. In my young days there was a popular street cry—"Who stole the donkey? The man in the white hat!" To accuse a solicitor of stealing a donkey was obviously a short cut to the law-courts. But I prefer to believe that solicitors wore the white hat as an impulsive expression of soul. Why have they dropped it? It was a welcome badge of summer, and I cannot help complaining in two lines of a famous song—

Have you forgotten, love, so soon
That hat, that lovely hat in June?

Lately there has been a pious attempt to endow cabmen with the white hat. The drivers of the new "taximeter" cabs came out in this headgear; but where are they? Rumour says they were chivied off the streets by sheer ridicule, and that they are now in hiding-places whence you may summon them by telephone. The "taximeter" was expected to appeal strongly to the thrifty citizen because it registered automatically the exact distance and the exact fare. You alighted from the cab, handed the driver his strictly legal payment, and went your way with no dread of that menacing demand, "Wot's this?" which has terrified so many law-abiding citizens. To be driven in a cab by a man in a beautiful white hat, with no prospect of an altercation about the fare—surely this was the consummation of the highest civic joy! And yet this strange London public is apathetic, and the "taximeter" is a fugitive from derision!

A correspondent, who says he is a connoisseur of wine, writes to me: "I read a great deal about the unity of London and the marking of boundaries. Can you explain the vagaries of wine-lists in one and the same parish? There is a particular wine which I drink in moderation (I do not mention its name, lest all the world should demand it and send the price up) at the only three restaurants where it can be had. You pass them all in half a mile, and yet they are so far from being of one mind about this wine that it ranges in their tariffs from cheapness to extravagant luxury. These restaurants are of the same class; they have no "smart" patronage; and I take them in turn for the sake of variety. But in one of the three I consume my modest pint with a sense of frugality, and in another with the reproach of self-indulgence. Why is a plain citizen subjected to this stress of emotion? So far as I have observed, nobody orders this wine but myself; and by steady application I hope, in the course of a sober and laborious lifetime, to reach the last bottle. But the variation of price is a discouragement. Is there no way of bringing about a unification of wine-lists? I have read the two reports of the Licensing Commission and all the amendments to the London Government Bill, and they do not even mention this important matter. Surely there ought to be more regard for the interests of private citizens who can give certificates of regular habits. The new Boundary Commissions, under the London Bill, might be instructed to take this affair in hand, and drop a quiet hint to the three restaurant proprietors. If they will do this, I will reveal to them the name of the wine. Could there be a fairer offer?"

I have no special interest in wines, but I notice with surprise and pain that my correspondent does not reveal to me the name of this choice vintage, even in a postscript. I cannot testify to his fairness till he has repaired this oversight.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Princess Christian, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, with the young Prince Leopold of Battenberg, arrived home at Windsor from the French Riviera at seven o'clock on Friday evening, May 5, in very good health. Her departure from Nice, about noon on the preceding Tuesday, was attended with every token of courteous respect on the part of the French Government and municipality and people of that town. The journey through France was safely and punctually managed. The royal train reached Cherbourg on the Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock. The *Victoria* and *Albert*, escorted by H.M.S. *Galatea* and *Severn*, with the Trinity Board yacht *Irene*, started at ten o'clock on Friday morning, and reached Portsmouth at four in the afternoon.

The Queen's eightieth birthday, on May 24, will be commemorated by a special religious service in the Chapel Royal of St. James's Palace. At Windsor Castle a large company of vocalists will sing morning salutations. A Drawing-Room was held by Princess Christian on Wednesday at Buckingham Palace. The Queen comes next week to London, from Monday to Wednesday.

The Prince of Wales, who was last week the guest of Colonel Cornwallis West, at Ruthin, North Wales, and on Sunday visited her Majesty at Windsor Castle, returned to London. His Royal Highness and Princess Louise honoured with their presence the bright Café Chantant at the Grafton Galleries on Monday afternoon, when a delightful entertainment was given by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bourchier, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Mrs. Kendal, and pretty Miss Burton, a charming songstress. The Prince left town for Newmarket on Tuesday.

The Princess of Wales, with her daughters Princess Victoria and Princess Charles of Denmark, left Athens on Sunday, and they are returning on board the royal yacht *Osborne* from Patras, on their way home.

The Duke of York, being affected with a severe cold or chill, was unable to accompany the Duchess of York on her visit to Wales on Tuesday, an event described and illustrated elsewhere.

The Duke of Cambridge on Monday opened the "Greater Britain" Exhibition of Colonial products, chiefly from Australia and South Africa, arranged by Mr. Cremieu-Javal and Mr. Imré Kiralfy, with the Agents-General of the Colonies, in the grounds of Earl's Court. His Royal Highness, with the Earls of Kintore and Dundonald and other gentlemen, took luncheon there, and speeches were made. The picturesque scenes of South African warfare in the arena of the Imperial Theatre interested a large number of spectators.

Brilliant in the extreme was the opening of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, on Monday night; and the leading members of the Grand Opera Syndicate fairly beamed with pleasure. The Prince of Wales, one of our staunchest supporters of Opera, dropped into his favourite corner seat in the omnibus box early enough to hear the melodious prelude to Wagner's "Lohengrin," most exquisitely rendered by the orchestra under the conductorship of Herr Motil. Lord and Lady de Grey, with a bevy of beautiful girls, were in their usual grand tier loge facing the royal box. Never has more radiant loveliness graced a first night. Diamonds gleamed from every point. Among those recognised through lognettes were the Duke and Duchess of Fife, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Charles Beresford, Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, Mrs. Arthur and Miss Muriel Wilson, Lord and Lady Harrington. M. Jean de Reszke, most popular of tenors, met with an enthusiastic reception on his reappearance as Lohengrin, which part he endowed with all his old chivalric bearing and personal charm. He was in splendid voice. With Frau Motil, moreover, as an ideal Elsa; Mr. Bispham and Frau Schumann-Heink very dramatic as Telramund and Ortrud; and Mr. Pringle and Herr Mühlmann good as the King and Heerufu, "Lohengrin" opened the season well. The programme for the rest of the week at the Opera offered "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" on Tuesday; "Carmen," Wednesday; "Tristan und Isolde," Thursday; "Faust," Friday; and "Aida," Saturday.

The sudden resignation of office by the French Minister of War, M. Freycinet, on Saturday, has for a moment somewhat diverted attention from the Dreyfus case, which seems now approaching its termination. The successor appointed to the late War Minister is M. Krantz, who has been Minister of Public Works.

Arrangements for the opening, next week, at the Hague of the Peace and Reduced Armaments Conference proposed by the Czar, are now complete; but any public ceremonies or festivities will be postponed to the close of its proceedings, which will occupy about two months. The sittings, at the Huis ten Bosch, will be strictly private, under the presidency of M. de Staal, Russian Ambassador to Great Britain. Delegates are sent by Great Britain, Sir Julian Pauncefote and Sir Henry Howard, assisted by Admiral Sir John Fisher and General Sir John Ardagh.

A decisive victory has been gained by the British Uganda Protectorate on the eastern side of the Upper White Nile, to the north of Lake Victoria Nyanza. The combined forces of the deposed Kings Mwanga and Kabarega of Unyoro were defeated by Colonel Evatt on April 9, with much slaughter, and both those native Kings were taken prisoners. The loss of the British Protectorate force was two native soldiers killed and twenty wounded.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED.

All the necessary documents with regard to this Company have been lodged this week with the Stock Exchange Committee for the purpose of obtaining a Special Settlement in, and granting a quotation to, the Debenture Stock and Shares. The first Meeting of Shareholders will be held at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., on May 30, 1899.

Mr. Stewart Bogle.

Earl of Dunmore.

Duke of Atholl.

Earl of Kintore.



Colonel MacDonald.

Lord Saltoun. Lord Borthwick.

"WITH HIGHLAND HONOURS": BANQUET TO COLONEL H. A. MACDONALD ON MAY 6.

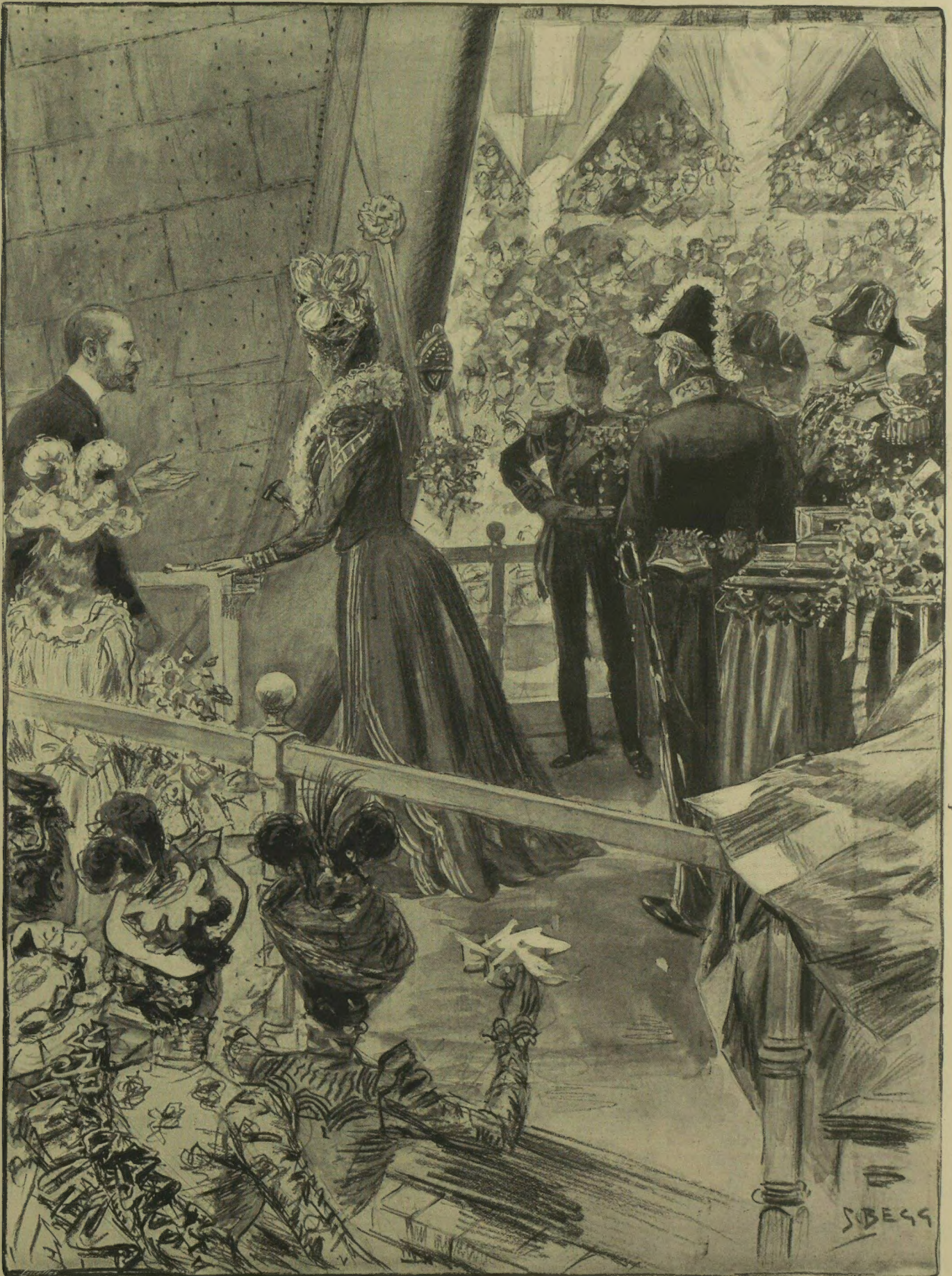
By common consent, Colonel MacDonald proved himself one of the Sirdar's most distinguished leaders at the Battle of Omdurman. The united Highland Societies of London fetted him at the Hotel Cecil on May 6, when, with the Duke of Atholl presiding, they reverted to the old Highland custom of placing one foot on the table as they enthusiastically drank to the health of the hero.

SEE "EVENTS OF THE DAY."

Duchess of York.

Mr. Goschen.

Duke of Connaught.



THE DUCHESS OF YORK LAUNCHING THE NEW "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" ROYAL YACHT AT PEMBROKE DOCK: H.R.H. DRIVING THE LAST RIVET.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

RITUALISM BEFORE THE ARCHBISHOPS.

On Monday in the Guard-room of Lambeth Palace the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Archbishop of York, Assessor, began the hearing of the first appeals of clergymen against directions of their Bishops with reference to the Ritualist practices complained of as illegal. The cases were those of the ceremonial use of incense by the Rev. H. Westall, at St. Cuthbert's, Philbeach Gardens, Earl's Court, London; and the use of incense, and of lighted candles borne in procession, by the Rev. E. G. Ram, at Norwich. Both sides were represented by counsel, with several assistant learned experts or students of ecclesiastical antique usages in the Western and Eastern Churches, extending to the Syrian, Armenian, and Nestorian; but Mr. H. C. Richards, Q.C., who led for the appellant clergymen, seemed content to rely much upon an article in the "Encyclopedia Britannica," and upon common English history in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, to show that the burning of incense was not an innovation. It came out, in fact, that incense and tobacco were sometimes burnt together for the very practical purpose of sweetening the air of a church, possibly after Cromwell's Roundhead troopers had stabled their horses in the sacred building. The argument was resumed on Tuesday, by Mr. Ansell contending that the legislative authors of the English Church Reformation had never intended to prohibit altogether the use of incense, and that Luther was not opposed to it. Among the audience present were Viscount Halifax, the President of the Church Union, on the one side, and Mr. John Kensit, on the other; also the Bishops of Rochester and Southwark.

ROYALTY IN WALES.

May 9 will long be remembered as a red-letter day in South Wales, for two sources of future activity began their existence under royal patronage. An extension of the Victoria pier at Tenby was opened and the new royal yacht was launched. The Duchess of York, who was accompanied, in the regrettable absence of the Duke of York, by the Duke of Connaught, spent Monday night on board the old *Victoria and Albert*, lying in Pembroke Dock, and early next morning the festivities of the day began under circumstances of exceptional brilliancy. The torpedo gun-boat *Renard*, with a flotilla of torpedo-boat destroyers, dressed in rainbow fashion, lay in the bay. The royal party received an address of welcome, in which they were reminded by the Town Clerk that during the Civil Wars Tenby twice stood siege for the royal cause, and Cromwell subsequently resided in the town while organising the Irish Expedition of 1649. The Duchess inaugurated the new pier extension, built by the Corporation at a cost of £15,000, by touching an electric button, which unveiled a brass plate bearing an inscription commemorative of the occasion, and she was presented by the engineer with a silver spanner. After leaving Tenby, the royal party went by special train to Pembroke Town, where she launched the magnificent new yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*—the third of the name—by hammering the last two rivets on each side of the stern, and then breaking a bottle of wine over the stem. Half an hour later she severed the cord that held the vessel, which took the water beautifully amid a scene of great enthusiasm. Her Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught, and Mr. Goschen, First Lord of the Admiralty, are depicted in our illustration of this interesting event. The new *Victoria and Albert*, designed by Sir William White, is 449 ft. in length, has a tonnage of 4700, a draught of 18 ft., and is of 11,000-horse power. She is a twin-screw, and is lit by electricity.

FOREIGN STATIONS IN CHINA.

Our Special Artist's sketch of a street scene in Kiao-Chau, the Chinese seaport town which was rather suddenly occupied by the Germans not two years ago—a startling event that has provoked an eager scramble of rival European nations for maritime, territorial, commercial, banking, mining, and railway-laying privileges in that vast but feebly governed Empire of Eastern Asia—is a reminder of the fears, happily so far avoided by diplomatic tact and discretion, that some Western Powers might go to war for their shares of material gains from the Farthest East. We trust, however, that a wiser general policy is now fairly inaugurated by public opinion all over the civilised world, and that the agreement between the Russian Imperial Government and that of Great Britain, recently settled by Sir Charles Scott, her Majesty's Ambassador at St. Petersburg, with Count Mouravieff, the Czar's Minister of Foreign Affairs, mutually engaging Russia and Great Britain not to interfere with plans of railway construction, on the one side, in the great central region, the basin of the river Yangtse-Kiang with its affluents, and, on the other hand, in the Manchu Tartar region north of the Great Wall, is calculated to exclude any cause of future dispute. Sir Claude MacDonald, the British Ambassador to Peking, with Lady MacDonald, who is said to have won the esteem of the powerful Empress Dowager

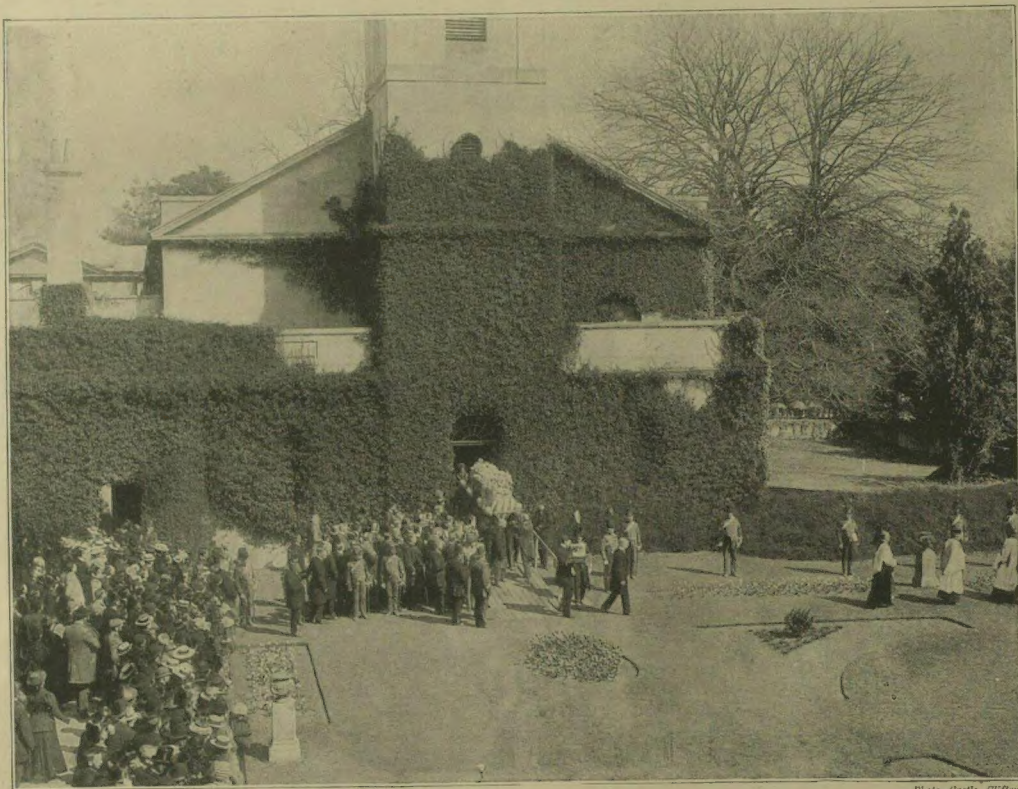
In the northern hemisphere the largest rodent is the beaver; but that animal is much inferior in point of size to the carpincho, which may be compared in size to a half-grown pig, and is by far the largest existing representative of the gnawing mammals. Not that this was always the case, for there have been discovered in the Argentine the remains of a kindred species said to have been as large as an ox. South America is the home of a group of peculiar rodents, known as cavyes, among which, in spite of its name, must be numbered the domesticated guinea-pig, the descendant of one of the small wild species. Two of the most aberrant types are the mara, or Patagonian cavy (already figured in this Journal), and the capibara, or carpincho. The latter, notwithstanding its great size, retains the ordinary characters of the cavyes, its most marked peculiarity being the extraordinary development of the last molar tooth in each jaw, which may be likened to the corresponding grinder of the Indian elephant.

Completely nocturnal in their habits, carpinchos are to be met with in droves on the banks of the South American rivers as far south as the province of Uruguay. In spite of their love of water and strong swimming powers, the Río de la Plata has, however, proved a barrier to their southward progress. When alarmed, they invariably make for the water, into which they rush headlong, and where they look like miniature hippopotami. Even when not seen, their presence in a district may always be recognised by their footprints on the river-banks.

R. LYDEKKER.

DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S FUNERAL.

The mortal remains of the Duke of Beaufort were laid to rest in his beloved Badminton on May 5, no fewer than three thousand people attending the ceremony. The service was conducted by the Bishop of Bristol, Canon Tetley, and the Rev. C. H. Ford, Vicar of Badminton. The Prince of Wales sent a beautiful wreath, while a party of Crimean veterans, who had fought under his Grace's uncle, Lord Raglan, occupied a place in the church. Shortly before the service in Badminton Church



THE FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT AT BADMINTON CHURCH.

Photo. Castle, Clifton.

and of the Chinese ladies, is now on his voyage home on board the ship which brings also Prince Henry of Prussia, the German Admiral, brother of the Emperor William II., the naval representative of that Teutonic "mailed fist," so energetically uplifted at Kiel when his squadron was about to sail from the Baltic. It would have been a mistake, indeed, to suppose that the British mercantile interest in China, greater, as it is, than that held by all other nations, but steadfastly abiding by the principle of treaty ports open to all foreign trade on equal terms, is likely to be demonstrated prejudicially to the fair claims of either Germany, Russia, France, or Italy to avail themselves of any "open door" which they can find and enter, without endangering the stability of the Chinese Empire. Anarchy, provincial or sectarian rebellion, like that of the Tai-Ping era some thirty or forty years ago, would indeed be detrimental to all foreign interests there.

STUDIES AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

No. XX.—THE CAPIBARA, OR CARPINCHO.

A somewhat pig-like appearance in the head and body might at first sight suggest kinship of this giant South American rodent to the swine family; but a glance at the structure of the feet will at once dispel this idea. And if by chance the creature should raise its snout and open its lips, the display of two pairs of powerful chisel-like teeth, similar in character to those of the beaver—although white instead of orange-coloured—will at once proclaim the kinship of their owner to that animal and rodents generally.

had taken place, a memorial service was held at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, before a crowded congregation. The Rev. Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, officiated, assisted by the Rev. H. Macnamara, Priest-in-Waiting for the month. Among those who attended were the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke of Portland (representing the Queen).

THE CHANNEL SQUADRON OFF SARDINIA.

The recent visit of King Humbert and Queen Margherita of Italy, with two of the Italian Ministers of State, to the large and important island of Sardinia, which is part of their kingdom, was made the opportunity for demonstrations of friendly regard by France and England—but at different seaports, and not on the same day—in sending their naval squadrons to do honour to their Italian Majesties. Our Channel Squadron, under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, with Rear-Admiral Brackenbury, second in command, having come over from Gibraltar, lay in Aranci Bay, consisting of H.M.S. *Majestic*, the flag-ship, and seven other powerful specimens of the British Fleet, which have already been enumerated, a force scarcely ever before displayed in those waters. These vessels were joined by the Italian squadron, in appearance highly effective, and both were reviewed together by the King of Italy, who was accompanied by the Minister of Marine, on board the royal yacht *Savioia*. Hospitality was also personally exchanged by their Majesties dining with Admiral Sir H. Rawson and the other commanding officers on the *Majestic*, as well as by the reception of these at the palace.

PERSONAL.

M. de Freycinet, the French War Minister, took umbrage at his stormy reception by the Chamber when he tried to justify the suspension of a Professor who had written articles in favour of Dreyfus. But it is believed that the real reason of the resignation is M. de Freycinet's conviction that the Dupuy Cabinet will shortly be swept away. It may be that M. de Freycinet thinks the cause of the General Staff is lost, or that he holds the Dupuy Cabinet to be too weak to sustain that cause any longer. Anyway, his withdrawal is an omen of trouble.

M. Cavaignac is still breathing out fire and fury against all Frenchmen who distrust him because he deliberately placarded France with a document which is now declared to be a forgery. His character gives M. de Blowitz an opportunity for one of those biting little sketches in which the Paris correspondent of the *Times* excels. M. Cavaignac, he says, has a fanatical hatred of all foreigners. This even extends to foreign money, which he believes to be bad. He is ambitious to be President of the Republic, and if he should ever attain that office, the water in the Paris gutters will change its colour.

For fifteen years Rear-Admiral J. R. T. Fullerton has commanded the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, and now, like Sir William Goldsmith, who for fourteen years was Captain of the *Alberta*, he has been knighted by his royal mistress on the quarter-deck of the vessel he has commanded with such conspicuous success and absence of accident. Sir William Goldsmith was not honoured until he was about to hand over his command to his successor. Rumour has it that Admiral Fullerton will not take the *Victoria and Albert* to sea



Photo. Russell and Sons.
REAR-ADMIRAL J. R. T. FULLERTON.

again, but will be succeeded by a junior officer; while the command of the new royal vessel will be given to Captain Prince Louis of Battenberg, who, on the return to England at the end of this month of the Channel Squadron, will hand over the command of the battle-ship *Majestic* to Captain G. de Clerc Egerton. This change Prince Louis has himself announced to his ship's company, and no one would be surprised if he were to take a short respite from sea service before hoisting the maiden pennant in the new *Victoria and Albert*, which has just been launched at Pembroke Dockyard.

Bishop Tugwell is charged with criminal libel for saying that seventy-five per cent. of the deaths amongst Europeans on the West Coast of Africa are due to drink. This indictment for libel raises curious questions. How is a libel on people who are dead to be proved in law? How is Bishop Tugwell to prove that seventy-five per cent. of the dead died of alcohol? Perhaps episcopal utterances should always be classified with the picturesque.

Mrs. Emma Marshall, who died near Clifton from pneumonia on May 4, was one of the most industrious writers of historical stories for young people that we have had in recent years, one of her most recent romances centring round the pathetic Princess Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia. She was the daughter of Mr. Simon Martin, a partner in Gurney's Norwich Bank; and in 1854 married Mr. H. G. Marshall, hon. secretary of the Clifton Suspension Bridge Company. She leaves nine children. At least two of her daughters are following her footsteps in literature. One of them is an authority on modern German dramatic literature, and has written a good deal about Sudermann; the other is well known in journalism. Writers of Mrs. Marshall's school are becoming fewer and fewer. Among the last of them one still remembers with gratitude Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, happily still with us.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MRS. E. MARSHALL.

It is said that Dr. Jameson may be induced to stand as Conservative candidate for West Monmouth. The supporters of the Government in the constituency have long been on the look-out for a popular man to oppose Sir William Harcourt. "Dr. Jim" is personally popular, despite the famous Raid, but he may not care for Parliamentary life, which has practically buried in obscurity more than one man who made a name in Africa. Still, it would be interesting to hear Dr. Jameson in the House of Commons addressing the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the subject of Mr. Rhodes. There is no great chance, however, that the West Monmouth Conservatives would succeed in defeating Sir William Harcourt.

The Rev. Henry Arnold Thomas, President of the Congregational Union, is fifty-one years old, and succeeded his father at Highbury Congregational Church, Bristol, in 1876, and the congregation has been ministered to by the Thomases, father and son, for four and fifty years. He took a first class in the Moral Science Tripos at Cambridge. In view of the present crisis in the Anglican Church, Nonconformity particularly wants a man of culture to lead it, and Mr. Thomas's training and instincts should make his advice in presiding over the deliberations of the Union very valuable.

The personal sensation of the week is Sir William Harcourt's attack on Lord Rosebery. Lord Rosebery made a curious speech at the City Liberal Club, in which he urged his party to return to the union of 1885. The precise meaning of this is not clear, for everybody knows that in 1885, even before Home Rule was adopted by Mr. Gladstone, the party was in a fair way to be split by the "unauthorised programme" of Mr. Chamberlain. However, Sir William Harcourt takes Lord Rosebery to mean that the party must abandon not only Home Rule but everything it has striven for since 1886. Sir William liberated his mind at a private dinner-party in the Devonshire Club—the sort of privacy that always becomes public property in a few hours.

The Royal Institution on the eve of its centenary (June 5) has lost one of its veterans in Mr. Benjamin Vincent, who became its assistant-secretary in 1848, and retired as honorary librarian ten years ago. Mr. Vincent, who died on May 3, was born at Barnsbury, and became associated early in life with Faraday, whose niece he ultimately married. For certain laborious types of work Mr. Vincent had a peculiar facility. Thus he edited Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates," Flügel's German Dictionary, and he frequently contributed to daily newspapers and weekly journals. He had a strong linguistic faculty, and was for some years employed by Gilbert and Rivington in seeing their philological books through the press. It gives one some idea of the length of his activity when one remembers that it was in 1848 he compiled his index to the persons, places, and subjects occurring in the Bible.

The American military court which has investigated the charges against the commissariat department of the American War Office has whitewashed Mr. Alger and mildly censured General Miles. This judgment has provoked a storm of resentment, and the court is told with much frankness that it is as unscrupulous as the French General Staff. It is certainly unpleasant to find that military tribunals in both the great Republics have fallen into such evil odour.

After a prolonged illness, Sir Herbert Scarisbrick Naylor-Leyland died on May 7 at his London residence. The late Baronet was the son of Colonel T. Naylor-Leyland, of Nantclwyd Hall, Denbighshire, and was born in 1864. He entered the 2nd Life Guards in 1882, and became Captain in 1891, resigning his commission four years later. From 1892 to 1895 he sat in Parliament as Conservative member for Colchester, but having changed his views on Home Rule he resigned. Last August he won the seat (Southport) vacated by Lord Curzon of Kedleston. In 1889 Sir Herbert married Miss Jennie Chamberlain, daughter of Mr. W. S. Chamberlain, of Cleveland, Ohio. There are two sons.

The tour of the tenth Australian cricket team opened on May 8, at the Crystal Palace, with the match between the Cornstalks and the representatives of the South of England. The home team won the toss, and Abel and Brockwell were dismissed for twenty. But from that point luck turned. C. B. Fry was joined by Hayward, and played fine cricket for a score of eighty-one. Among the Australians, Jones sustained his old record at mid-off, while Hill, Iredale, Noble, and Laver were all noteworthy in the field. As to the bowling, Jones gave the Englishmen trouble, and Noble showed striking form with his break both ways; but the team has no bowler of the accomplishment of Giffen. The innings closed for 246, Lockwood being 41, not out. On Tuesday the Australians made a grand stand. Syd Gregory and Noble seemed invincible against the bowling of "W. G." and Lockwood. At last Gregory was out for 124 (bowled by Townsend). But Noble, who also scored over a hundred runs in brilliant style, held his ground, and continued batting on Wednesday for the Australians, there being every prospect of a draw. The popularity of the Palace will certainly be increased by Dr. Grace's attractive cricket programme.



Photo. Waterhouse and Sons.
THE REV. H. ARNOLD THOMAS,
President of the Congregational Union.

The Rev. John Pagan, Moderator-elect of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, was born in 1830 in the parish of Wamphray, Dumfriesshire. He studied in the Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow. From the University of Glasgow he received the degree of M.A. in 1854, and D.D. in 1886. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Lochmaben in 1858, and ordained in the parish of Forgandenny, in Perthshire, in 1861. In 1865 he was appointed to the important parish of Bothwell. The population of the parish has increased largely during his ministry, but by the erection of churches and the establishment of mission stations he has provided for the various spiritual needs that have arisen. He has for many years taken a prominent part in promoting the different branches of the work of the Church of Scotland at home and abroad. The old parish church of Bothwell has many features of historical and architectural interest. It was built in 1598. Dr. Pagan originated and carried out a movement for its restoration. The work was completed last year, and has been successful beyond anticipation. The church of Bothwell and its environments are regarded as the first of their kind in Scotland.

The Czar can scarcely be pleased with the course of events in Finland. His breach of the Finnish Constitution is driving many of the people into exile. Villages are breaking up, and the leaders of the popular movement are thinking of organising a regular emigration to Canada. It is not likely that this will be permitted by the military authorities, for the Finns are wanted for the Russian army.

Mr. Edward Harrison Richards, Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of the Gold Coast, succumbed on May 5 to fever, the deadly enemy of the white man in that part of her Majesty's dominions. He was the son of the late Mr. John Richards, F.S.A., solicitor, of Charterhouse Square, E.C., and was born in 1850. He received his education at the Charterhouse and at Oscott, and was admitted a solicitor in 1880. He was appointed District Commissioner of Lagos in 1886, Department Judge of the Vice-Admiralty Court there in 1887, and was called to the Bar of Lincoln's Inn in 1889. Four years ago he was made a Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of the Gold Coast. For three years (1873-76) he was a Lieutenant in the Middlesex Royal Rifle Regiment of Militia, now the 7th Battalion of King's Royal Rifle Corps.

Mr. Passmore Edwards has given £10,000 for a chair and school of economics and commercial science in the new London University. The Bishop of London, Mr. Sidney Webb, and Mr. Haldane, M.P., are the trustees of his gift, which sets an example that deserves to find imitators in favour of chairs for geography, for banking, and for other appropriate departments of commercial science. Meanwhile, Mr. Passmore Edwards's donation will be devoted partly to building—a welcome announcement to those who know the architectural beauties of his latest settlement buildings near Bloomsbury. If other schools are to be founded, the donors should come forward in time to make it possible to place and design the various schools in a single group.

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Photo. J. Moffat, Edinburgh.
THE REV. JOHN PAGAN, D.D.



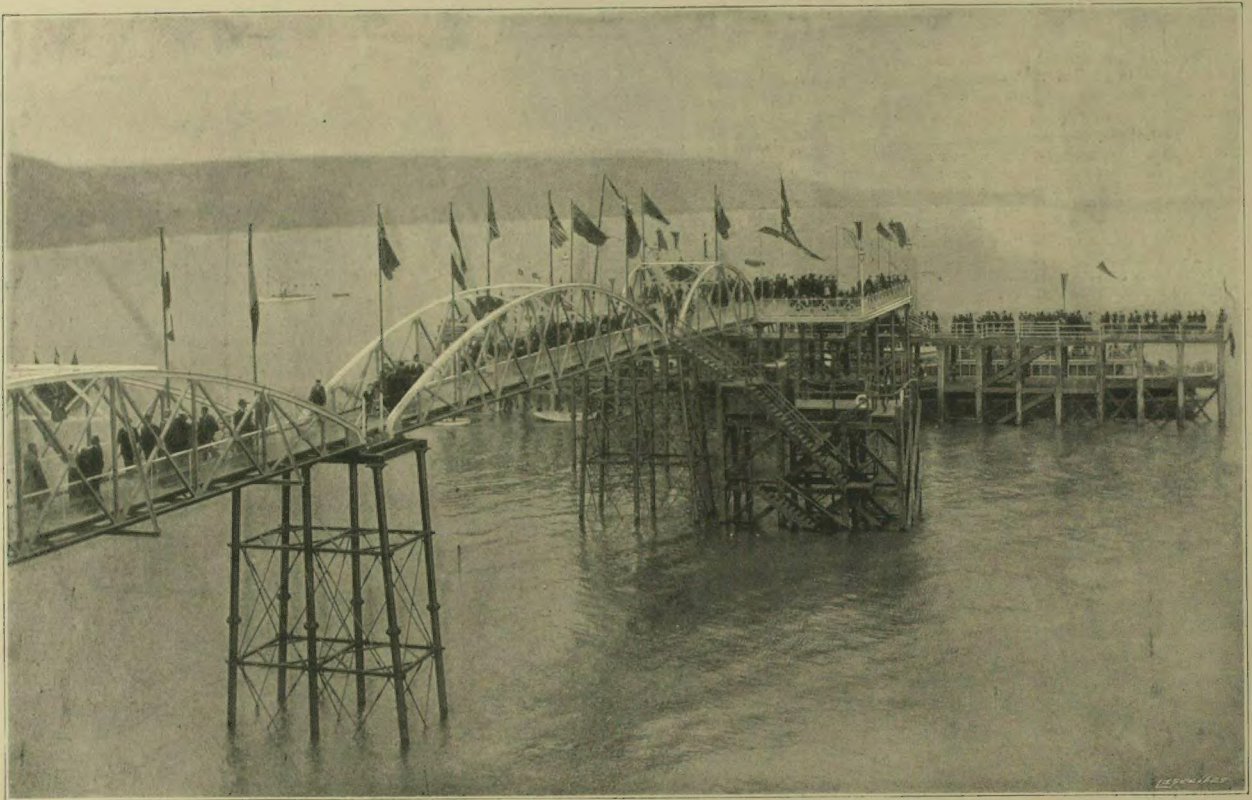
Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE JUSTICE RICHARDS.



Photo. Waterhouse and Sons.
THE LATE SIR H. S. NAYLOR-LEYLAND.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO TENBY.

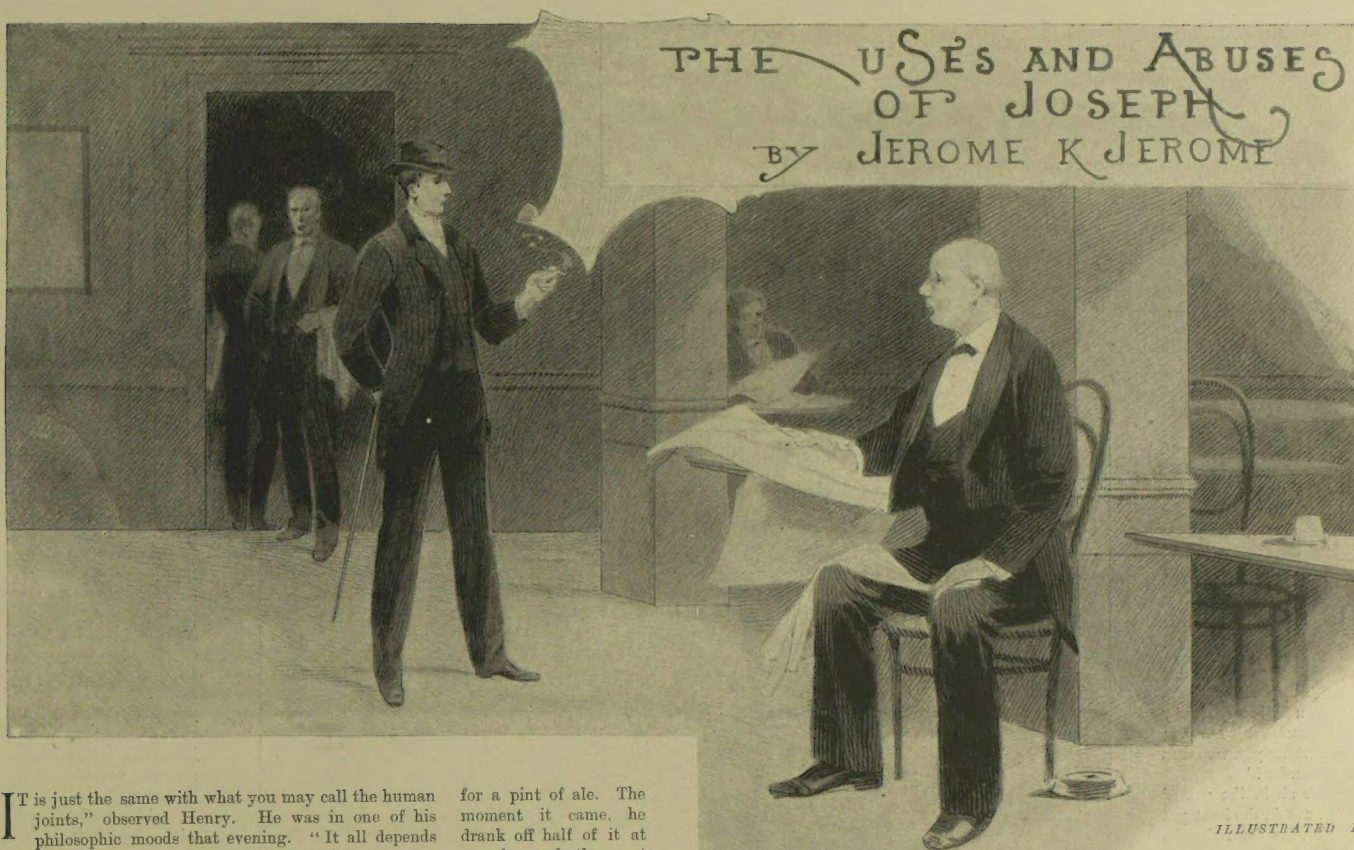
Photographs by Fradelle and Young.



THE NEW EXTENSION OF THE VICTORIA PIER, OPENED BY THE DUCHESS OF YORK ON TUESDAY, MAY 9.



THE ROYAL PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE TOWN.

ILLUSTRATED BY
G. MONTBARD.

"It is just the same with what you may call the human joints," observed Henry. He was in one of his philosophic moods that evening. "It all depends upon the cooking. I never see a youngster, hanging up in the refrigerator, as one may put it, but I say to myself: 'Now I wonder what the cook is going to make of you! Will you be minced and devilled and fricassee till you are all sauce and no meat? Will you be hammered tender and grilled over a slow fire till you are a blessing to mankind? Or will you be spoilt in the boiling, and come out a stringy rag, an immediate curse, and a permanent injury to those who have got to swallow you?'"

"There was a youngster I knew in my old coffee-shop days," continued Henry, "that in the end came to be eaten by cannibals. At least, so the newspapers said. Speaking for myself, I never believed the report: he wasn't that sort. If anybody was eaten, it was more likely the cannibal. But that is neither here nor there. What I am thinking of is what happened before he and the cannibals ever got nigh to one another. He was fourteen when I first set eyes on him—Mile End fourteen, that is; which is the same, I take it, as City eighteen and West End five-and-twenty—and he was smart for his age into the bargain: a trifle too smart, as a matter of fact. He always came into the shop at the same time, half-past two; he always sat in the seat next the window; and, three days out of six, he would order the same dinner: a fourpenny beef-steak pudding—we called it beef-steak, and, for all practical purposes, it was beef-steak—a penny plate of potatoes, and a penny slice of roly-poly pudding—'chest expander' was the name our customers gave it—to follow. That showed sense, I always thought, that dinner alone: a more satisfying menu, at the price, I defy any human being to work out. He always had a book with him, and he generally read during his meal; which is not a bad plan if you don't want to think too much about what you are eating. There was a seedy chap, I remember, used to dine at a cheap restaurant where I once served, just off the Euston Road. He would stick a book up in front of him—Eppy something or other—and read the whole time. Our four-course shilling table d'hôte with Eppy, he would say, was a banquet fit for a prince; without Eppy he was of opinion that a policeman wouldn't touch it. But he was one of those men that report things for the newspapers, and was given to exaggeration."

"A coffee-shop becomes a bit of a desert towards three o'clock; and, after a while, young Tidelman, for that was his name, got to putting down his book, and chatting to me. His father was dead; which, judging from what he told me about the old man, must have been a bit of luck for everybody; and his mother, it turned out, had come from my own village in Suffolk; and that constituted a sort of bond between us, seeing I had known all her people pretty intimately. He was earning good money at a dairy, where his work was scouring milk-cans; and his Christian name—which was the only thing Christian about him, and that somehow or another didn't seem to fit him—was Joseph."

"One afternoon he came into the shop, looking as if he had lost a shilling and found sixpence, as the saying is; and instead of drinking water as usual, sent the girl out

for a pint of ale. The moment it came, he drank off half of it at a gulp, and then sat staring out of the window."

"What's up?" I says. "Got the shova?"

"Yes," he answers; 'but, as it happens, it's a shove up. I've been taken off the yard and put on the walk, with a rise of two bob a week.' Then he took another pull at the beer and looked more savage than ever."

"Well," I says, "that ain't the sort of thing to be humpy about."

"Yes, it is," he snaps back; "it means that if I don't take precious good care I'll drift into being a blooming milkman, spending my life yelling 'Milk ahoi!' and spooning smutty-faced servant-gals across area railings."

"Oh!" I says, "and what may you prefer to spoon—Duchesses?"

"Yes," he answers, sulky-like; "Duchesses are right enough—some of 'em."

"So are servant-gals," I says, "some of 'em. Your hat's feeling a bit small for you this morning, ain't it?"

"Hat's all right," says he; "it's the world as I'm complaining of—beastly place; there's nothing to do in it."

"Oh!" I says; "some of us find there's a bit too much." I'd been up since five that morning myself; and his own work, which was scouring milk-cans for twelve hours a day, didn't strike me as suggesting a life of leisured ease."

"I don't mean that," he says. "I mean things worth doing."

"Well, what do you want to do," I says, "that this world ain't big enough for?"

"It ain't the size of it," he says; "it's the dullness of it. Things used to be different in the old days."

"How do you know?" I says.

"You can read about it," he answers.

"Oh," I says, "and what do they know about it—these gents that sit down and write about it for their living? You show me a book, cracking up the old times, writ by a chap as lived in 'em, and I'll believe you. Till then I'll stick to my opinion that the old days were much the same as these days, and maybe a trifle worse."

"From a Sunday School point of view, perhaps yes," says he; "but there's no gainsaying—"

"No what?" I says.

"No gainsaying," repeats he; "it's a common word in literature."

"Maybe," says I, "but this happens to be The Blue Posts Coffee House, established in the year 1863. We will talk the modern English here, if you don't mind." One had to take him down like that at times. He was the sort of boy as would talk poetry to you, if you weren't firm with him."

"Well, then, there's no denying the fact," says he, "if you prefer it that way, that in the old days there was more opportunity for adventure."

"What about Australia?" says I.

"Australia!" retorts he; "what would I do there? Be a shepherd, like you see in the pictures, wear ribbons, and play the flute?"

"There's not much of that sort of shepherding over there," says I, "unless I've been deceived; but if Australia ain't sufficiently uncivilised for you, what about Africa?"

"What's the good of Africa?" replies he; "you don't read advertisements in the *Clerkenwell News*: 'Young men wanted as explorers.' I'd drift into a barber's shop at Cape Town more likely than anything else."

"What about the gold diggings?" I suggests. "I like to see a youngster with the spirit of adventure in him. It shows grit as a rule."

"Played out," says he; "you are employed by a company, wages ten dollars a week, and a pension for your old age. Everything's played out," he continues. "Men ain't wanted nowadays. There's only room for clerks, and intelligent artisans, and shopboys."

"Go for a soldier," says I; "there's excitement for you."

"That would have been all right," says he, "in the days when there was real fighting."

"There's a good bit of it going about nowadays," I says. "We are generally at it, on and off, between shouting about the blessings of peace."

"Not the sort of fighting I mean," replies he; "I want to do something myself, not be one of a row."

"Well," I says, "I give you up. You've dropped into the wrong world it seems to me. We don't seem able to cater for you here."

"I've come a bit too late," he answers; "that's the mistake I've made. Two hundred years ago there were lots of things a fellow might have done."

"Yes," I know what's in your mind," I says: "pirates."

"Yes, pirates would be all right," says he; "they got plenty of sea-air and exercise, and didn't need to join a blooming Funeral Club."

"You've got ideas above your station," I says; "you work hard, and one day you'll have a milk-shop of your own, and be walking out with a pretty housemaid on your arm, feeling as if you were the Prince of Wales himself."

"Stow it!" he says; "it makes me shiver for fear it might come true. I'm not cut out for a respectable cove, and I won't be one neither, if I can help it!"

"What do you mean to be, then?" I says; "we've all got to be something, until we're stiff 'uns."

"Well," he says, quite cool-like, "I think I shall be a burglar."

"I dropped into the seat opposite and stared at him. If any other lad had said it I should have known it was only foolishness, but he was just the sort to mean it."

"It's the only calling I can think of," says he, "that has got any element of excitement left in it."

"You call seven years at Portland 'excitement,' do you?" says I, thinking of the argument most likely to tell upon him.

"What's the difference," answers he, "between Portland and the ordinary labouring man's life? except that at Portland you never need fear being out of work." He was a rare one to argue. "Besides," says he, "it's only the fools as gets copped. Look at that diamond robbery in Bond Street, two years ago. Fifty thousand pounds' worth of jewels stolen, and never a clue to this day! Look at the Dublin Bank robbery," says he, his eyes all alight, and his face flushed like a girl's. "Three thousand pounds in golden sovereigns walked away with in broad daylight, and never so much as the flick of a coat-tail seen. Those are the sort of men I'm thinking of, not the bricklayer out of work, who smashes a window and gets ten years for breaking open a cheese-monger's till with nine and fourpence ha'penny in it."

"Yes," says I, "and are you forgetting the chap who was nabbed at Birmingham only last week? He wasn't exactly an amateur. How long do you think he'll get?"

"A man like that deserves what he gets," answers he; "couldn't hit a policeman at six yards."

"You bloodthirsty young scoundrel," I says; "do you mean you wouldn't stick at murder?"

"It's all in the game," says he, not in the least put out. "I take my risks, he takes his. It's no more murder than soldiering is."

"It's taking a human creature's life," I says.

"Well," he says, "what of it? There's plenty more where he comes from."

"I tried reasoning with him from time to time, but he wasn't a sort of boy to be moved from a purpose. His mother was the only argument that had any weight with him. I believe so long as she had lived he would have kept straight; that was the only soft spot in him. But unfortunately she died a couple of years later, and then I lost sight of Joe altogether. I made inquiries, but no one could tell me anything. He had just disappeared, that's all."

"One afternoon, four years later, I was sitting in the coffee-room of a City restaurant where I was working, reading the account of a clever robbery committed the day before. The thief, described as a well-dressed young man of gentlemanly appearance, wearing a short black beard and moustache, had walked into a branch of the London and Westminster Bank during the dinner-hour, when only the manager and one clerk were there. He had gone straight through to the manager's room at the back of the bank, taken the key from the inside of the door, and before the man could get round his desk had locked him in. The clerk, with a knife to his throat, had then been persuaded to empty all the loose cash in the bank, amounting in gold and notes to nearly five hundred pounds, into a bag which the thief had thoughtfully brought with him. After which, both of them—for the thief seems to have been of a sociable disposition—got into a cab which was waiting outside, and drove away. They drove straight to the City: the clerk, with a knife pricking the back of his neck all the time, finding it, no doubt, a tiresome ride. In the middle of Threadneedle Street, the gentlemanly young man suddenly stopped the cab and got out, leaving the clerk to pay the cabman."

"Somehow or other, the story brought back Joseph to my mind. I seemed to see him as that well-dressed,

gentlemanly young man; and, raising my eyes from the paper, there he stood before me. He had scarcely changed at all since I last saw him, except that he had grown better looking, and seemed more cheerful. He nodded to me as though we had parted the day before, and ordered a chop and a small hock. I spread a fresh serviette for him, and asked him if he cared to see the paper.

"Anything interesting in it, Henry?" says he.

"Rather a daring robbery committed on the Westminster Bank yesterday," I answers.

"Oh, ah! I did see something about that," says he.

"The thief was described as a well-dressed young man of gentlemanly appearance, wearing a black beard and moustache," says I.

"He laughs pleasantly. 'That will make it awkward for nice young men with black beards and moustaches,' says he."

"Yes," I says.



Joseph jumped clean through the window, and fell thirty feet.

"Fortunately for you and me, we're clean shaved." I felt as certain he was the man as though I'd seen him do it.

"He gives me a sharp

glance, but I was busy with the cruets, and he had to make what he chose out of it.

"Yes," he replies, "as you say, it was a daring robbery. But the man seems to have got away all right." I could see he was dying to talk to somebody about it.

"He's all right to-day," says I; "but the police ain't the fools they're reckoned. I've noticed they generally get there in the end."

"There's some very intelligent men among them," says he: "no question of it. I shouldn't be surprised if they had a clue!"

"No," I says, "no more should I; though no doubt he's telling himself there never was such a clever thief."

"Well, we shall see," says he.

"That's about it," says I.

"We talked a bit about old acquaintances and other things, and then, having finished, he handed me a sovereign and rose to go."

"Wait a minute," I says, "your bill comes to three-and-eight. Say fourpence for the waiter; that leaves sixteen shillings change, which I'll ask you to put in your pocket."

"As you will," he says, laughing, though I could see he didn't like it.

"And one other thing," says I. "We've been sort of pals, and it's not my business to talk unless I'm spoken to. But I'm a married man," I says, "and I don't consider you the sort worth getting into trouble for. If I never see you, I know nothing about you. Understand?"

"He took my tip, and I didn't see him again at that restaurant. I kept my eye on the paper, but the Westminster Bank thief was never discovered, and success, no doubt, gave him confidence."

Anyhow, I read of two or three burglaries that winter which I unhesitatingly put down to Mr. Joseph—I suppose there's style in housebreaking, as in other things—and early the next spring an exciting bit of business occurred, which I knew to be his work by the description of the man.

"He had broken into a big country house during the servants' supper hour, and had stuffed his pockets with jewels. One of the guests, a young officer, coming upstairs, interrupted him just as he had finished. Joseph threatened the man with his revolver; but this time it was not a nervous young clerk he had to deal with. The man sprang at him, and a desperate struggle followed, with the result that in the end the officer was left with a bullet in his leg, while Joseph jumped clean through the window, and fell thirty feet. Cut and bleeding, if not broken, he would never have got away but that, fortunately for him, a tradesman's cart happened to be standing at the servants' entrance. Joe was in it, and off like a flash of greased lightning. How he managed to escape, with all the country in an uproar, I can't tell you; but he did it. The horse and cart, when found sixteen miles off, were neither worth much."

"That, it seems, sobered him down for a bit, and nobody heard any more of him till nine months later, when he walked into the Monico, where I was then working, and held out his hand to me as bold as brass."

"It's all right," says he, "it's the hand of an honest man."

"It's come into your possession very recently then," says I. He was dressed in a black frock-coat and wore whiskers. If I hadn't known him, I should have put him down for a parson out of work.

"He laughs. 'I'll tell you all about it,' he says."

"Not here," I answers, "because I'm too busy; but if you like to meet me this evening, and you're talking straight—?"

"Straight as a bullet," says he. "Come and have a bit of dinner with me at the Craven; it's quiet there, and we can talk. I've been looking for you for the last week."

"Well, I met him; and he told me. It was the old story: a gal was at the bottom of it. He had broken into a small house at Hampstead. He was on the floor, packing up the silver, when the door opens, and he sees a gal standing there. She held a candle in one hand and a revolver in the other."

"Put your hands up above your head," says she.

"I looked at the revolver," said Joe, telling me; "it was about eighteen inches off my nose; and then I looked at the gal. There's lots of 'em will threaten to blow your brains out for you, but you've only got to look at 'em to know they won't."

"They are thinking of the coroner's inquest, and wondering how the judge will sum up. She met my eyes, and I held up my hands. If I hadn't I wouldn't have been here."

"Now you go in front," says she to Joe, and he went.

She laid her candle down in the hall and unbolted the front door.

"What are you going to do?" says Joe; "call the police? Because if so, my dear, I'll take my chance of that revolver being really loaded and of your pulling the trigger in time. It will be a more dignified ending."

"No," says she, "I had a brother who got seven years for forgery. I don't want to think of another face like his when he came out. I'm going to see you outside my master's house, and that's all I care about."

"She went down the garden-path with him, and opened the gate.

"You turn round," says she, "before you reach the bottom of the lane and I give the alarm." And Joe went straight, and didn't look behind him.

"Well, it was a rum beginning to a courtship, but the end was rummer. The girl was willing to marry him if he would turn honest. Joe wanted to turn honest, but didn't know how.

"It's no use fixing me down, my dear, to any quiet, respectable calling," says Joe to the gal, "because, even if the police would let me alone, I wouldn't be able to stop there. I'd break out, sooner or later, try as I might."

"The girl went to her master, who seems to have been an odd sort of a cove, and told him the whole story. The old gent said he'd see Joe, and Joe called on him.

"What's your religion?" says the old gent to Joe.

"I'm not particular, Sir; I'll leave it to you," says Joe.

"Good!" says the old gent. "You're no fanatic. What are your principles?"

"At first Joe didn't think he'd got any; but, the old gent leading, he found to his surprise as he had.

"I believe," says Joe, "in doing a job thoroughly."

"What your hand finds to do, you believe in doing with all your might, eh?" says the old gent.

"That's it, Sir," says Joe. "That's what I've always tried to do."

"Anything else?" asks the old gent.

"Yes: stick to your pals," says Joe.

"Through thick and thin," suggests the old gent.

"To the blooming end," agrees Joe.

"That's right," says the old gent. "Faithful unto death. And you really want to turn over a new leaf—to put your wits and your energy and your courage to good use instead of to bad?"

"That's the idea," says Joe.

"The old gent murmurs something to himself about a stone which the builders wouldn't have at any price; and then he turns and puts it straight—

"If you undertake the work," says he, "you'll go

through with it without faltering—you'll devote your life to it?"

"If I undertake the job, I'll do that," says Joe.

"What may it be?"

"To go to Africa," says the old gent, "as a missionary."

"Joe sits down and stares at the old gent, and the old gent looks him back.

"It's a dangerous station," says the old gent.

"Two of our people have lost their lives there. It wants a man there—a man who will do something besides preach, who will save these poor people we have gathered together there from being scattered and

mentioned that he had taken a hand himself, merely as an example to the flock; I bet he had never enjoyed an evening more in all his life. The second fight began, as usual, round the Mission, but seems to have ended two miles off. In less than six months he had rebuilt the school-house, organised a police force, converted all that was left of one tribe, and started a tin church. He added (but I don't think they read that part of his report aloud) that law and order was going to be respected, and life and property secure in his district so long as he had a bullet left.

"Later on the Society sent him still further inland, to open up a fresh station; and there it was that,

according to the newspapers, the cannibals got hold of him and ate him. As I said, personally I don't believe it. One of these days he'll turn up, sound and whole: he is that sort."

THE END.



She held a candle in one hand and a revolver in the other. "Put your hands up above your head," says she.

lost, who will be their champion, their protector, their friend."

"In the end, Joe took on the job, and went out with his wife. A better missionary that Society never had and never wanted. I read one of his early reports home; and if the others were anything like it his life must have been exciting enough, even for him. His station was a small island of civilisation, as one may say, in the middle of a sea of savages. Before he had been there a month, the place had been attacked twice. On the first occasion Joe's 'flock' had crowded into the Mission House, and commenced to pray, that having been the plan of defence adopted by his predecessor. Joe cut the prayer short, and preached to them from the text, 'Heaven helps them as helps themselves'; after which he proceeded to deal out axes and old rifles. In his report he

people's cause, and Swinburne as a democrat was intolerable to him. In this mood he uttered many schoolboy impertinences which should be treated as sensible folks treat such, and should not close readers' minds to Mr. Adams's clear-witted and exceptionally high-minded moments. There is much in his denunciation of Kipling, not as a writer, but as an influence, which is wholesome and true. He was not gifted with the complete instincts of the literary critic, but he had a keen if capricious scent for the good, and when he was not carping he was often suggestive. Indeed, amidst much childish arrogance, there is visible a lofty ideal of sound and generous thought, and many who will quarrel with the book will feel a kindness for the writer. At his too early death a force was lost that would have set its mark on English journalism.

Mr. Francis Adams always liked to look great reputations squarely in the face; and for his attitude of independence in the articles and dialogues which Mr. Lane has collected under the name of "Essays in Modernity" we have nothing but praise. But side by side with the independence run a somewhat unsteady judgment and a furious habit of burning the altars he had once worshipped at. You have to keep your head well balanced and your temper cool when you read his work. He did not write merely for the purpose of shocking his readers, or in jest. He was tremendously earnest, and when he fell foul of Tennyson, Shelley, and Swinburne, he did so under the conviction that the world would never be a decent place to live in till these overrated men were put in their places. In a lordly fashion he gave praise to them where he thought it due, and to Swinburne he thought a good deal due. But that Tennyson should be looked on as a thinker, Shelley as a worker for the

EVENTS OF THE DAY.

Last Sunday afternoon a memorial to the Empress of Austria was unveiled at Mentone. Her Majesty's long sojournings at Cap Martin had made her figure a familiar one to the Mentonnais, who at the time of her tragic death decided to write her name somewhere on their locality "for a perpetual remembrance." The contributions were mostly those of the peasantry, and the form chosen for the memorial is that of a stone seat placed on the north side of the new bridge over the Sorbio River. There was quite a demonstration when the Mayor made the memorial over to public use on Sunday, in the presence of the Austro-Hungarian Consul-General at Nice (who returned thanks on behalf of the Emperor Francis Joseph), of the British Vice-Consul, Mr. Boyd Carpenter, and many more.

The hilt of the sword presented to Colonel Hector A. MacDonald on Saturday last is composed of solid gold, the head being modelled after the style of a famous Celtic piece in the Museum at Copenhagen; on one side in bold relief is represented a Highlander, and on the reverse a Soudanese soldier. The guard is richly decorated with Runic ornamentation, and has in the centre the letter "M" set with fine rubies and diamonds, and on the reverse the Scottish and Egyptian flags enamelled in proper colours. The centre band has Runic ornamentation, adorned with bosses of lapis lazuli, with the Scottish lion on one side and the MacDonald crest and motto on the other. The sheath of the scabbard is decorated in a similar style, having cairngorms, lapis lazuli, and carbuncles in bosses, the Order of the Bath, the Khedival Star, and a trophy of the Scottish Arms in separate medallions. The blade is of the finest steel, and is richly decorated with Runic ornamentation of the purest type, having the MacDonald arms, crescent and star, Sphinx, and the names of the Highland associations represented upon the committee. Upon the lower portion of the blade the thistle predominates, and in the centre the following inscription appears: "Presented to Colonel Hector Archibald MacDonald, C.B., D.S.O.,

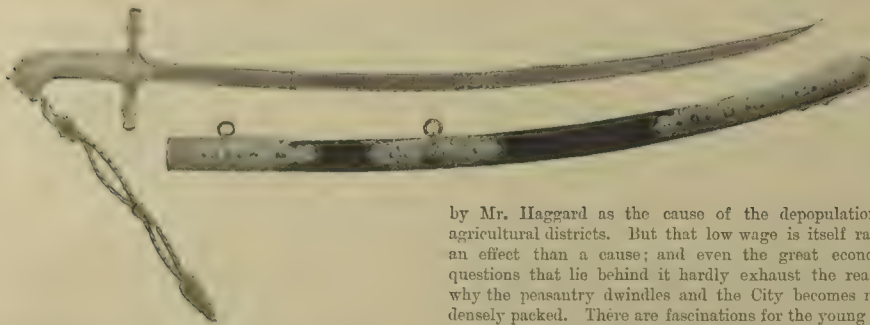


MEMORIAL TO THE LATE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA ON THE PONT ELIZABETH AT MENTONE. UNVEILED APRIL 30.

Photograph by Bertrand.

really gives in a summary the speech made by Mr. Rider Haggard the other day before the Norfolk Chamber of Agriculture. The people are everywhere leaving the land to herd in the cities. The Eastern counties, to which Mr. Haggard naturally confined his attention, are, in this respect, only a fair specimen of the whole of England. The low wage for the labourer is given

weary of his privileges, and may seek to recoup his vitality by a recurrence to rustic simplicities and the open air. We may be, as some suppose, on the brink of such a return to nature; and, if we are, the gain will be great to the breed of the Englishman in coming generations; nor will the recruiting officer be slow to offer himself the most cordial of congratulations.



SWORD OF HONOUR PRESENTED BY HIGHLANDERS IN LONDON TO COLONEL H. A. MACDONALD.

A.D.C., in recognition of his distinguished services in the Soudan and elsewhere, by Highlanders and other friends in London, 6th May, 1899." The entire work was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, of 112, Regent Street, London, W., in the best possible taste, and is a specimen of the goldsmith's art, the Runic ornamentation being exceptionally fine and true in conception.

To be on the frontier line of four countries would be a novel experience to most men. But it is the common and daily lot of the police and Customs officers shown in the accompanying picture. A step in one direction, and they are in Germany; another step takes them to the Netherlands; another to Belgium, and another to the Neutral Territory, independent since 1814, a self-governing country of about five square miles in extent, with no army and no import duties. The German policeman on horseback is flanked by the Dutchman, the Belgian constable and a German Customs officer standing in that order; and the representative of the Neutral Territory has his throne on a rock which is the highest part of the Netherlands.

It is not often that the old and the young in the same profession see things quite in a line. Those two veterans, the President of the Royal Academy and Mr. Aitchison, the Academy's lecturer on Architecture, have, however, the rare satisfaction of finding their protest against Sir William Richmond's decorations at St. Paul's taken up at full chorus by the art-students of the various schools of London. These met together last Saturday afternoon in Fitzroy Street and drew up a protest against "the atrocities of the design, the meanness of the patterns, the crudity of the colour, and the vulgarity of the whole scheme of decoration." Mr. John, of the Slade school, elicited the cheer of the afternoon by the assertion that the patience of the art-living public must be "more than Chinese" if it would allow the masterpiece of Wren to be made the sport of the experimenter. Other students came out in excellent form, and a procession to St. Paul's was appointed to be formed.

"Back to the land!" was the formula of a great social reformer of the past generation, and it is one which

by Mr. Haggard as the cause of the depopulation of agricultural districts. But that low wage is itself rather an effect than a cause; and even the great economic questions that lie behind it hardly exhaust the reasons why the peasantry dwindles and the City becomes more densely packed. There are fascinations for the young and the ambitious in town life quite apart from the mere increase of weekly wages. The newspaper, which is written in and for the towns, is in itself a magnet to draw the people towards the great centres with their advertised interests. Possibly the reaction may yet come. The townsman may

Mr. Kipling, when he comes to England early next month, will have to speak about many things. Some fictions about himself no doubt he may dissipate; but that he was seriously and dangerously ill will not be one of them. An old telegram sent by Mrs. Kipling to her husband's family is now quoted: "Rudyard not dangerously ill; disregard papers." But the purport of that message depends entirely on its withheld date; and nobody can suppose that the doctors dissembled with regard to the gravity of the illness at its crisis, nor, if they did, that Mrs. Kipling could be other than a party to such dissembling. The fact is that Mr. Kipling's illness excited so much public attention that a reaction of some sort was sure to manifest itself—just as it did years ago in the case of the Prince of Wales's illness, the gravity of which gossip afterwards industriously minimised. All the same, some substantial ground for regret may remain as to the way in which the real illness of Mr. Kipling was worked by the Press or the syndicates, especially in the matter of the prepaid telegrams sent to Englishmen of distinction inviting from them messages of sympathy and appreciation.

German Policeman. Dutch Policeman.



Representative of the Neutral Territory. Belgian Policeman. German Customs Officer.

WHERE FOUR COUNTRIES MEET: REPRESENTATIVES OF GERMANY, BELGIUM, HOLLAND, AND NEUTRAL TERRITORY AT THE FRONTIER.

Copyright Photograph by Widen, Aachen.

THE RECENT CELEBRATIONS AT CAGLIARI.

From Photographs by Major A. G. Cochran, R.M.L.I.



Sir H. Rawson.

ADMIRAL SIR HARRY RAWSON AND HIS OFFICERS.



RECEPTION OF THE QUEEN OF ITALY ON BOARD THE "MAJESTIC."



THE SEASON: A SUMMER SHOWER AT HYDE PARK CORNER.

Drawn by S. Begg.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Frontier. By Beatrice Harraden. (Blackwood.)
Spies of the Night. By Headdon Hill. (C. Arthur Pearson.)
John Bede's Wife. By Cecil Wentworth. (Digby Long.)
Off the High Road. By Eleanor C. Price. (Macmillan.)
Life's Peepshow. By H. Rutherford Russell. (Fisher Unwin.)
Cousin Ivo. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. (Black.)
The Amazing Lady. By M. Bowles. (Hennemann.)
Françoise the Valet. By G. W. Appleton. (Pearson.)
The Captains. By E. F. Benson. (Methuen.)
The Brotherhood of the Seven Kings. By L. T. Meade and Robert Eustace. (Ward, Lock.)
The Mistress of Monna. By Nellie Parker. (Routledge.)
A Duet, with an Occasional Chorus. By A. Conan Doyle. (Grant Richards.)

Miss Harraden's new book has an interesting subject. That she should have chosen such a subject seems to show a great development of her powers, and on the ground of her more ambitious attempt and of the excellent work in the minor portions of the story, we rate "The Fowler" very much higher than the book that made her name, "Ships that Pass in the Night." She bids us watch the career of a modern young woman through a crucial year or two. She is an independent, intellectual, genial creature, full of energy and the *joie de vivre*. Then an evil influence overshadows her, cast by a man with force of mind, power of words, yet with an unuttered appeal to woman's pity in all his looks and bearing. He is a sneerer, a cynic; a chill breath blows from his very presence on all that is fair and jovous and good. His business in life is to get women under his thumb, to ruin their wills, to sap their vitality. His work is done when the world is the cold dungeon to them that it is to himself. Now, Bevan is so repulsive and openly disagreeable a person, according to Miss Harraden's description, that we do not for a moment believe that Nora succumbed to his influence. If she did so, she was not the Nora presented to us, but a weaker and less healthy person. But, perhaps, there is symbolism in the book. The girl's mind might certainly have been poisoned by a subtler, outwardly more charming person. Miss Harraden may have merely given the ugly spirit such a body and bearing as it deserved, and not such as it would have needed, in order to exercise power. If so, the symbolism is bad. Anyway, the central purpose of the story is not handled successfully. But it is a fine purpose, and it gives to the book a clear bracing air. As for the rest, we find the pictures of Nora's old father, of the fascinating Nurse Isabel, and of the good folks at the King's Arms delightful and refreshing. We have doubted the credibility of the main story, but Miss Harraden, for all that, seems to us now a writer to be counted with.

Of all the recent chronicles of crime and detection Mr. Headdon Hill's "Spies of the Night" seems to us easily first. The motives and circumstances of the mystery are all fresh, and their treatment is lively and capable. We will divulge nothing further than that German spies, commissioned to supply the person called the "Braggart of Berlin" with plans of new defence works in the Isle of Wight, are the villains, and that the man to baulk their evil intentions is a smart London journalist. The book can be relied on to catch fast hold to an hour or two of leisure.

John Bede had really two wives, but one had lost all memory of the first marriage, and played the part of a sort of good angel to John Bede, even inducing him to take back to his bosom the second and less worthy lady after she had proved the vanity of an elopement escapade. It was all a rather mixed business, and Mr. Cecil Wentworth apparently concluded, after getting a goodly way onward with the record, that it was too improbable for words. So to save the situation he tried to soften the melodrama by some well-meant efforts at characterisation. But to give the pulse and air of life to a story with the framework of "John Bede's Wife" would require superlative genius. In Mr. Wentworth's hands it is simply tune sensation.

An old acquaintance; a fair mysterious lady taking refuge in the country, winning a local Edwin's love, and proving in the end to be an aristocratic heiress, reappears in Eleanor C. Price's story, "Off the High Road." In the new setting, however, she is quite as attractive, to say the least, as sundry literary heroines who have been the "rage" since we were younger. The "new" order changes, giving place to old, and the old seems good, for sake of old lang syne and other things. Indeed, this Midland story has a healthful breath of freshness and spirit, and though two or three melodramatic personages are allowed to come stern and bogey-like into Arendia towards the close, their hour is very brief, and they do not spoil our stay with the natural country characters, who are apparently drawn by one who has felt with them and understood them.

It may be said that the six short stories in the "Life's Peepshow" of Mr. H. Rutherford Russell seem real transcripts from a not uncommon life. On the whole it is a life somewhat trodden, or pitiless, or grey; or, at least, when a glow or a bloom arises it scarcely ever comes to summer; an irony or a destiny blights it, and one's idea of this fate is not that it is a great, inevitable presence, but a something sober and middle-class in its way and method. Most of the stories are fairly good; the characters are very well realised, the something new which comes in each case into life, making for expansiveness of spirit and then disappointment or tragedy, very fairly presented; but the moving art which illumines the soul of a situation, and then, whatever the end, leaves a vital impression, is not present. Mr. Russell, in short, is a tolerable story-teller, with now and then a more than ordinary sense of the irony and mystery of things, but his touch is as yet tepid, his artistry not much above the average.

"Cousin Ivo" is more of a romance than we have learnt to expect from its clever writer's pen, more of a popular story altogether, and less of a shrewd study of character.

Not that Mrs. Sidgwick has discarded even here her sharp scourge for human frailties; but her subject forbids such a free use of it as in "Mrs. Finch-Brassy," for instance. She whisks us off to Germany, to a lonely primitive neighbourhood, with an odour of the Middle Ages still lingering about it, and though it is a story of to-day she tells, the medievalism inclines her instinctively more to melodrama than to satire. Of course, she is not quite on her own ground in a tale with downright crime and violence in it. Not murder, but vulgarity and selfishness have been her special studies; and her latest story has a blunter edge. But, the tragic scenes apart, it is also more conventionally pleasant than the earlier ones. Only, so many others can write romances of the calibre of "Cousin Ivo," and they are few who have the wit and the courage to make the reading world vince in a wholesome fashion as does the author of "The Grasshoppers" and "A Woman with a Future."

"The Amazing Lady" of M. Bowles had two lovers—an enterprising London potentate, whose profession was editing, whose recreation was a semi-aesthetic sensualism, and a divorced gentleman in the country, whose nature was refined, who in the "past" had really been more sinned against than sinning. Superficially regarded, they were scarcely desirable lovers for a vicar's sister; but the burden of the book is the struggle of the amazing lady to make up her mind between them. The dominant individuality of one and the delicacy of the other carried her hither and thither. She revelled in natural beauty, and could describe it with skill; but she also dealt largely in introspective analysis, and the phases of her subject were varied, ranging, as they did, from ecstasy to spiritual neuralgia. If not absolutely healthy, she was yet an interesting being, and we shall probably hear a good deal more of her creator.

If the world is too much with you, and, unlike Wordsworth, you do not care to seek release in the contemplation of Nature; if you are out of sorts with the obvious and the probable, and crave a bustling world where the things that matter are parted and injured lovers, family mysteries, wonderful jewels, more wonderful coincidences, detectives who are sentimental, and detectives who explain everything at the right moment—if your taste in music can range from the baying of bloodhounds to the chime of wedding-bells, Mr. G. W. Appleton's "François the Valet" is something to improve the dreary hour. For once it will keep the model man from retiring early, though he may be ashamed of himself for his credulity when the sober morning comes.

For the second time Mr. Benson has tried his hand at revivifying for English readers the scenes of the Greek War of Independence. "The Capsina" is a much greater success than was "The Vintage." From first to last we are attracted and held captive by the heroine, a woman of masculine mind and resolution, with the masculine accomplishment, too, of seamanship, but with a heart more susceptible to love than she guesses in her early youth. An intense patriot and a born leader, she is an inspiration and a stimulus to her countrymen, and very formidable to the Turks. But though she has beauty and power, the desire of her heart is wanting. Mr. Benson does not lengthen her sufferings, but gives her a chance of a heroic death to crown her shining life. "The Capsina" is a spirited, wholesome tale, good for youthful-minded readers of all ages. It is modelled on an old pattern, but it has distinct literary merit, and is more solid and more brilliant than any of Mr. Benson's earlier efforts after up-to-date cynicism.

"The Brotherhood of the Seven Kings" was a society for the promotion of crime, which recently, Mrs. Meade and Mr. Eustace tell us, carried on extensive operations in London, instigated and directed by a woman of genius and determination, Madame Kolnuchy. The Brotherhood had a hand in every kind of mischief. It was an *ait* with the latest scientific resources, and its secrecy was impregnable. Mr. Norman Head, who had succumbed to the wiles of Madame early in life and found her out, organises a crusade of detectives and sharp-witted people against her machinations; but he only escapes alive. How many times that good man was knocked senseless, how many evil kinds of death he had the chance of, we hardly dare say. The ingenious authors have piled up the plots and crimes a little too high. The book is tiring; and we are sure it was sheer fatigue that made Madame open the iron trap and descend at last dramatically into a column of flame and annihilation.

The Monica of Miss Parker's story made a very great mistake indeed. To soothe her aunt's last days she promised to marry a man to whom she was indifferent. She had a voice, and Oliver Risdon saw possibilities of fortune in it. Monica might have had a much better man for the waiting, but life was blank and bitter just then, and marriage was, at least, a change. Oliver was an unmitigated cad, one of the most disagreeable cads, too, that life or fiction could produce. In his frugality for other folks, his indulgence of himself, his shameful exploiting of his wife, he is cold selfishness incarnate. But he is a reality. His portrait is the one strong thing in an otherwise commonplace book.

Silence would be the kindest policy towards Mr. Conan Doyle's latest exploit. But "A Duet" is really bad enough to merit some expostulation. What he can do on his own ground, or grounds, in the annals of ingenious crime and detection, in tales of adventure in another age, no one needs to be told. His friends should hurry him fast out of the field of domestic fiction. This story of *deux jeunes mariés* is of a pitiable dullness. Sentiment, incident, characterisation, dialogue, barely reach the level of mediocrity. Every year, of course, hundreds of worse books appear and have their little hour, but hardly from a writer of established reputation. In his scale there seems nothing between the heroic and the petty, and the heroic is not wanted for domestic chronicles. A failure on a poor low level of aspiration is depressing. Cover it up.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Second Notice.—See Supplement.)

Whilst the honours of the year are distributed among half-a-dozen artists—amongst whom Mr. Sargent, Mr. Onslow Ford, Mr. Herkomer, Mr. Shannon, and Mr. Byam Shaw are the most noteworthy—there are many painters and sculptors whose work is of more than common interest, and in some cases of unusual excellence. Mr. David Murray, for example, who has on more than one occasion of late fallen into chalkiness and mannerism, has made a fresh start and returned to a closer study of nature. "The Don abune Bulgovrie" gives as truthful a rendering of Scottish scenery in Aberdeenshire as "A Fairy Glen" does of the softer beauties of Hampshire. Mr. H. W. Davis, who is more numerous represented, is to be seen at his best in the evening scene "Going Home," a delicately conceived work, free from the laboriousness which so often mars this artist's work. Mr. Alfred East justifies his recent election by four landscapes in which he displays praiseworthy versatility, the treatment of "The Shepherd's Walk at Windermere" being widely different from that of "A Coombe in the Cotswolds," but both bearing evidence of real sympathy with nature. Whether intentionally or not, Mr. Ridley Corbet's "The Dead Knight" and Mr. J. Aumonier's "Sheep-washing" are so long as to give an excellent object-lesson, showing the difference between poetry and prose in painting. It is rather a pity that Mr. Corbet should have distracted attention from the glorious setting sun by the flowers at the other side of his picture, but this does not mar the beauty or the pathos of the scene. Mr. Aumonier, on the other hand, falls short of this effect by reason of his too rigid adherence to nature and of his refusal to modify her lines in the interests of art. Mr. Eyre Crowe is but too little known as a landscape painter, but such delicately handled subjects as "The Way to the Farm" and, on a smaller scale, "Crossing the Brook" show that he has retained a mastery of this branch of his art; although it is with such scenes as "On Boulogne Ramparts" that he has been more recently identified. Mr. C. E. Johnson's "Silver Poplars" is full of softness and atmosphere; and one can only regret that Mr. J. C. Adams should have allowed himself to be so far influenced by Mr. B. W. Leader's example as to give such photographic precision to the details of "The Flood Across the River." Mr. George Leslie shows his usual qualities in "An Ancient Highway," by which, we suppose, Wallingford Bridge is meant. Mr. Stuart Lloyd comes more closely in touch with modern landscape painting, and his more important work, "Arundel at Early Morning," which is here reproduced, shows him in a less familiar style than usual, and it may on this account be with advantage compared with his cabinet work "On the Arun."

Among the sea-painters who this year show to advantage, special mention should be made of Mr. Somerscales, whose more important work, "Off Valparaiso," has been secured by the Chantry Trustees. It is not quite up to the level of the picture by which Mr. Somerscales first made himself known to the public some four or five years ago, but as the Trustees on that occasion were forestalled by an Academician acting on his own judgment, they have now done the best to repair the loss they then sustained. The introduction of the ship so prominently into the scene does not enhance the value of the picture, which owes its interest to the painting of the indigo sea with its copper-coloured reflections. Mr. Brett is also well known for his studies in optical effects, some of which are startling to ordinary observers; but he never fails to impress upon them that the conditions of light under which "The Island of Falstow," on the Cornish coast, must be seen are essentially different from those of such a wild, mountainous spot as "Kylestrome" in Sutherlandshire. Possibly we might demur at the depressing greyness of such a "Summer on the Cliffs" as Mr. Brett also shows us; but, out of regard for the lodging-house keepers of the neighbourhood, he suppresses its identity. Mr. Colin Hunter has seldom, of recent years, done anything better than his "Signs of Herring," which we take to be the soft mist creeping landwards, through which the fishing-boats will have to grope their way to make their long-expected catch.

Among the more imaginative works in which landscape plays an important part, Mr. Hacker's "Foxgloves" holds a prominent place, and for a study in flower colours it should be compared with Mr. George Hitchcock's "Hyalanthus," which well deserves its place in the large gallery. In such May days as those through which we have been passing we welcome with a sympathetic shudder Mr. George Boughton's "Dawn of Spring," suggesting that the demon of influenza is threatening the delicate damsel who has been tempted abroad in flimsy attire. But Mr. Boughton's allegory is easy of solution beside some of those with which the walls of Burlington House are this year decked. It would be an interesting, although, perhaps, an endless task, to note the solution of the painters' riddles, as conveyed as much by the titles of their works as by the manner in which they are treated. Such subjects, from among which we have selected Mr. Talbot Hughes's "The Tide on which there is no Return," have the merit of exercising the imagination of the artist, and give him scope for a display of those qualities in which the late Lord Beaconsfield—*scilicet* Mr. Browning—thought him so deficient. But if in some sense the charge may be true, it cannot be said so of those who endeavour to bring vividly before our eyes scenes of the past—such as Lady Butler in the advance of the Scots Guards at the Alma, or Mr. W. L. Wyllie in his rendering of the evening of the Battle of the Nile, when the magnificent French fleet lay helpless and disabled. Nor can we admit that Mr. Napier Hemy's recalling of old smuggling days is out of place or without a basis of fact, for he only realises with vigorous effect some well-told story of those days, by Marryat or another, of the hair-breadth escape of the smugglers, who by a well-aimed shot have broken the top-mast of the revenue cutter in pursuit. From these scenes of stirring life—possibly imaginary—we turn to the peaceful realities of Madame Ronner's cats and kittens, which are now so well known to all as to require no introduction or commendation.



THE SITUATION IN CHINA: WESTERN ENTRANCE-GATE TO TSIMO, KIAO-CHAU.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Melton Prior.



STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS: No. XX.—THE CAPIBARA, OR CARPINCHO, OF SOUTH AMERICA.

By LASCELLES AND Co., 13, FITZROY STREET.

A gigantic aquatic cousin of the guinea-pig, and by far the largest living representative of the rodents, or gnawing animals.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

Lace was a great feature in the dresses at the Drawing-Room, and it is as fashionable now to mix two kinds of lace as it used to be to mix two kinds of fur. I was greatly struck with one dress which was veiled in exquisite Duchesse lace inlaid with medallions of old Brussels point.



DRESS OF TAN-COLOURED VOILE EMBROIDERED
IN WHITE AND SILVER.

The petticoat was of silver-grey satin, whilst the train was of hyacinth brocade figured with a pattern representing cascades of lace caught up with Louis Seize bows. The colouring of this dress was wonderfully refined, and a graceful shower of orchids gave it its finishing touch. Another lovely dress was in *peau de soie*, in the pinkish shade of mauve which goes by the name of anemone. The tablier was in the same pretty colour, embroidered *à jour* and edged with exquisite lace. The train was of gold-coloured brocade lined with cream-coloured satin. A charming *toilette de débutante* was in white satin trimmed with chiffon, with a train of white *satin de Lyon* figured with white fleecy clouds. A striking dress was in powder-blue chiffon in a mass of tiny flutings, trimmed with some very fine black Chantilly lace, and set off by a black satin train lined with pink. There were a cluster of pink roses on one shoulder and a bouquet of pink roses in the hand. Some lovely *débutantes* made their appearance on this occasion—the beauties seem to be always kept back for the May Drawing-Rooms. White tulle was the popular material for their dresses, and everyone knows how becoming it is to young girls. One girl wore a dress of silver tissue, her fair hair dressed in Madona bands, and carried some white lilies in her hand. “Who is that angel?” asked someone in the crowd as she passed out of the Throne Room.

Court milliners often have a trying time with their customers just before the Drawing-Room. A lady will sometimes display a wild desire for originality in her costume, and has to be gently persuaded into relinquishing some very eccentric idea. “I have always thought I should like to go to the Drawing-Room in a green dress and a red train,” says one lady, “and wear a wreath of tulip-buds on my head.” “Very, very pretty,” responds the milliner unasily; “very nice for another time. But just now—what do you think of mauve and silver-grey?” “Aesthetic clients are exceedingly trying; they have a fancy for faded tints and wispy draperies, and stigmatise every pretty colour as “crude.” A fashionable lady-milliner lately had a terrible trouble with one of these ladies, who, having at last settled on a sufficiently sorrowful silk, could not endure the shimmering chiffon which was to trim it, which she said looked “impossibly crude.” The lady-milliner was suddenly seized with a happy thought. Taking a small piece of the chiffon in her hands, she rushed upstairs with it, and twisted it about in her hot and excited hands till it looked like a rag pulled through a ring. “This is a sample that has just come from Paris,” she said to the lady as she re-entered the room.

“I cannot show it to you in the piece, but I can get some more like it in time for the Drawing-Room.” “Excellent!” cried the customer, “that is the very effect I want!” and she wore the dress trimmed with the chiffon, every bit of which was rubbed and crumpled by the milliner’s assistants before it was made up into ruches and cascades.

Pale blue is to be the colour of the season. This fact was borne in upon me very distinctly when I was in the Park last Sunday, and it was almost the only direct revelation I received. Nearly every kind of fashion was worn, and the variety was so great that it would have been almost impossible for a casual observer to say which was the leading style. But all the best dresses were undoubtedly blue—not the violent hue akin to Reckitt’s, which we have lately been wearing under the courtesy title of “sapphire,” but the delicate and refreshing tint which is known as powder-blue. Dresses in this colour were invariably effective, whether seen in company with white or black hats. Silver-grey was also a good deal in evidence, but generally in combination with mauve. Grey dresses with mauve hats looked very pretty and spring-like, and pale Parma and hyacinth gowns were as welcome as the flowers from which they take their names. But loveliest of all were the gowns of white or putty-coloured cloth, much betrimmed with guipure, and invariably seen in company with a white feather boa.

How useful these boas have been during the recent capricious weather! Never has there been a more ill-natured spring; we have had days when the sunshine has made it impossible for us to go out in heavy wraps, yet the nipping air has made us feel the need of them! The feather boa has been our only refuge; but for its aid we could never have gone out in what the Americans call “our waists.” Some of the new spring dresses are so elaborate that they are completely ruined by being covered with a wrap, but the becoming boa supplies a little additional warmth without spoiling the effect of the toilette. The new-fashioned jackets are extremely short, one of the prettiest styles being perfectly tight and ending in a row of scallops just below the waist. Another popular type is the new bolero, reaching only to the waist, and sparkling all over with sequins. These jackets look best with a skirt which harmonises in colour without being an exact match. I saw a pretty skirt of purple and white checked Italian silk the other day worn in company with a well-cut bolero of purple cloth. The front of the jacket was partly concealed by pleatings of black satin and lisse, but the back—important point—was covered with geometrical embroidery in black edged with white.

Shepherd check skirts are being worn in zephyr as well as in silk, but nearly always with blouses or Eton jackets—not so often with bodices to match. Face-cloth is still popular for tailor-made dresses, trimmed with strappings of white cloth, and finished off with crystal buttons. A straight line of trimming is often placed down the front of the skirt, a band of guipure (or whatever the dress is trimmed with), and some of the new tailor-made skirts are made to fasten in front, with a band of stitching at either side. Pockets are impossible with the eel-like skirts which are worn. All the Paris dressmakers are sending home a separate pocket made of a piece of the same material as the skirt, and this is suspended round the waist by a cord and hangs down exactly in front. Some enormous gold ornament is usually worn suspended round the neck by a fancy chain, an oval mirror, a match-box, or a large gold-fish with flexible scales which glitter with every moment of the wearer. The fish is a receptacle for money, and forms another way of getting over the absence of a pocket.

I feel sure that readers will admire the two charming illustrations which Picador has drawn for us this week. One is in blue foulard spotted with white, with all the edges bordered by two narrow folds of white silk. The yoke and vest are of white silk covered with guipure. The shaped flounces are edged with two bands of white silk headed with narrow lace. The blue tulle toque is relieved by a large pink rose. The other dress is in tan-coloured voile made up over white silk, and embroidered in white and silver. The yoke and underskirt are of frilled chiffon, banded with tiny rows of gathered black satin ribbon. The toilette is completed by a transparent hat of chiffon and white flowers.

NOTES.

The great popularity of straw this season—it being used not only more uniformly than it has been for years past for the shapes, but also in various forms of plait for decoration on hats and bonnets—recalls to my mind the fact that straw-plaiting is one of the comparatively few inventions to which women can lay claim in modern times. (I say “in modern times” because an interesting book, published by Macmillans, with the title “Woman’s Place in Primitive Culture,” attributes with much show of learned reason most early inventions for domestic comfort to the female sex.) In Elizabethan times the notion of weaving broad rushes in and out of one another to make headgear had been grasped, but not that of making a plait out of the thin split straws in the first place, and then winding that plait in and out to produce any required shape. This was the happy thought of a woman some generations later. In Mrs. Earle’s “Home Life in America as a British Colony,” it is stated that the very first patent we issued in England to a native of the United States of America was to a Mrs. Masters for a new way of employing straw and palmetto for making hats; while a Connecticut girl took out a patent in 1821 for using the top of spear-grass to make bonnets, and received a prize of twenty guineas for the utility and beauty of her work from the London Society for Encouraging the Fine Arts. When Watteau painted straw hats so much, they were still somewhat costly and novel. Now the invented patterns and the varied straws employed are innumerable.

I am always proud of my readers here, knowing in many ways how wide and how cultivated a circle is addressed;

but I have seldom been more gratified by a proof of their influence than by a reference that I find in the newly issued report of the Society for the Home Teaching of the Blind, where it is stated that the committee are “especially grateful to *The Illustrated London News* ‘Ladies’ Page’ for the opportune notice calling attention to the great desire among the blind for useful and interesting literature, which brought the society into touch with a large number of correct and valuable lady transcribers, by whose help some of the most popular books of the year were transcribed and issued to the blind readers from the library before the interest they aroused had abated.” I drew attention before to this admirable and entirely unobjectionable form of charity, because I am sure it just meets the case of a large number—I do not mean of blind persons, for that goes without saying, but of women of charitable instincts. There are thousands of women having leisure but only very moderate means, and with more than enough demands on their small charity purse in their own neighbourhood, who are willing and even most glad to give their labour and their leisure to some good and charitable work if those gifts can be well utilised. To such women, the gratuitous transcription of reading matter for the blind may be again commended. The material for doing the “Braille” writing costs the worker but a few shillings, and the art is easily mastered; as to the benefit conferred, let each of us who loves reading just imagine herself sightless, and conceive the pleasure of getting a real book—not a little childish tract—to read to herself with her finger-tips! No more words will be needed to commend this charitable labour to my readers. The society’s office is at 47, Victoria Street, and there all particulars can be obtained.

An even more important warning to girls than one of cure in accepting situations abroad is that the laws of marriage must be complied with as they exist in the *bridegroom’s* native country, and that a wedding ceremony is not binding if celebrated according to the bride’s own national custom, and not in compliance in every detail with the requirements of the laws of the man’s nation. If I may venture an opinion, this is a cruel and unjustifiable arrangement—any marriage celebrated in accordance with the customs of any country, and in good faith and belief in its binding efficacy on the woman’s part, ought, it seems to me, to be recognised as a legal marriage all the world over. But whether this ought to be the rule or not, the fact is that the reverse is the actual accepted international law, and an English girl



COSTUME IN BLUE FOULARD SPOTTED WITH WHITE.

marrying a foreigner of any nationality must be therefore very careful to get preliminary legal advice as to what will make the ceremony binding on the man. The question has lately arisen in India. So many young men of Indian parentage come over to this country to study, that it is not strange that some of them attract and nominally “marry” English girls; but it appears that the situation of such a girl is sure, in the best of cases, to be very sad when she goes to India with the man she has married in our way. “The best of cases” is if the husband is true and kind; even then the English wife of any native, however rich and well-received he be, lives in absolute isolation, despised by her own race in India for marrying a native, and regarded as an alien, an incomprehensible stranger, by the native ladies. But in the cases less good than the best, the wife may find herself either absolutely repudiated or called on to live as one of many wives.

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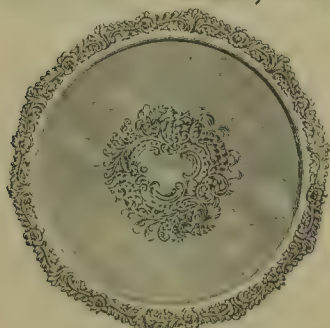
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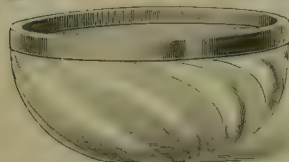
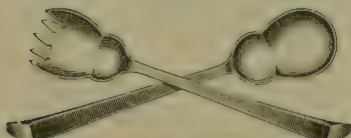
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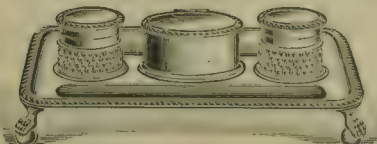
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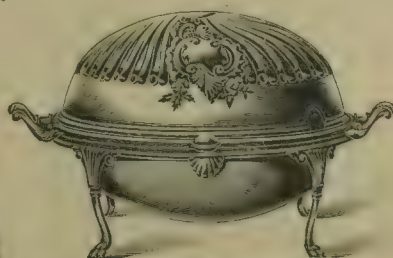
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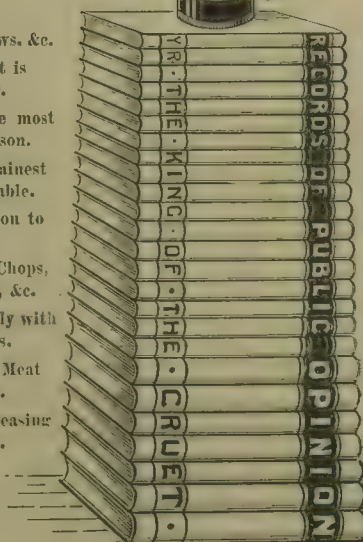
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to his daughter, Mrs. Fraser; £1000 per annum to his daughter, Ethel Mary, during such time as she shall not be tenant for life of his settled property; and gifts to servants. He settles the capital Mansion House, Newstead Abbey, in the county of Nottingham, and all his manors and advowsons, lands, messuages, and hereditaments in the counties of Nottingham and York or elsewhere, and all copyhold and leasehold property, and the residue of his personal estate, to the use of his daughter Geraldine Katharine, for life, with remainder to her sons according to seniority in tail male, with remainder to her same sons, successively according to seniority in tail general, with remainder to her daughters successively according to seniority in tail. On failure of these limitations, the said property is settled in a similar manner on his daughter Ethel Mary.

The will (dated July 18, 1874) of Mr. William Pitt, J.P., D.L., of Rampsbeck, Ullswater, Cumberland, who died on Feb. 22, was proved on April 27 by Mrs. Jane Pitt, the widow and surviving executor, the value of the estate being £110,493. The testator bequeaths £500 each to his sisters, Margaret Holme and Frances Dunstan, and £100 to Thomas Avison. Subject thereto, he leaves all his real and personal estate to his wife.

The will (dated April 12, 1894) of Mr. Thomas Reeve Denny, of Ingleside, Brighton Road, Surbiton, who died on March 19, was proved on April 25 by Thomas Denny and Ernest Denny, the sons and executors, the value of the estate being £34,026. The testator leaves all his

property, upon trust, for his wife, for life. At her decease he gives his furniture and household effects and £1000 each to his daughters Ellen and Clara, and the ultimate residue between all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated April 12, 1894) of Mr. Edmund Hannay Watts, J.P., of The Friars, Newport, Monmouthshire, who died on Nov. 20, was proved in London on April 18 by Fenwick Shadforth Watts, the brother and sole executor, the value of the estate being £22,798. The testator gives £500, his furniture and household effects, carriages and horses, and during her widowhood an annuity of £1000, or in the event of her remarriage of £300, to his wife, Mrs. Frances Lilian Watts. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his children.

The will (dated Dec. 10, 1896) of Mr. Joseph Graham, of 167, Maida Vale, formerly of Cape Town, who died on Feb. 2, was proved on April 22 by William Parry Coleborn and William Bedford Chubb, the executors, the value of the estate being £15,773. The testator gives £100 each to the General Hospital and the Ladies' Benevolent Society (Port Elizabeth); and a few small legacies and specific gifts. The residue of his property he leaves to the trustees of the Blue Coat School (Liverpool), upon trust, as to £2000 to the Blue Coat Brotherly Society, to apply the income thereof in helping boys who have been educated in the school and have left: £1000 to the Ladies' Committee for the Girls' Provident Fund; £2000 for the general purposes of such institution; and the ultimate residue for the enlargement of the school, so as to accommodate more boys.

The will (dated Nov. 26, 1888) of Mrs. Louisa Margaret Fortescue, of 10, Eaton Square, who died on Feb. 14, was proved on April 24 by Henry Bruce Armstrong and Arthur Agg Gardner, the executors, the value of the estate being £10,367. The testatrix bequeaths £100 each to her nephew, Hamilton de la P. Beresford, her godson, William Fortescue Armstrong, and Arthur Agg Gardner; and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her nieces Maria Beresford, Henrietta Louisa Beresford, and Louisa Georgina Bird, in equal shares.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Jan. 5, 1899) of Colonel the Hon. William Francis Forbes, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, of Lumville, Curragh Camp, Ireland, who died on Feb. 3, granted to Lady Augusta Fitz-Wigram and Mrs. Frances Edith Nugent Paget, the sisters, and Francis Rawdon M. Crozier, the executors, was resealed in London on April 27, the value of the estate being £4133. The testator gives the breastpin presented to him by the Empress of Austria to his son George Francis Reginald, and subject thereto leaves all his property, upon various trusts and conditions, for his children.

The will of Mr. William Copeland Borlase, of 34, Bedford Court Mansions, Bloomsbury, from 1880 to 1887 one of the representatives of Cornwall in the House of Commons, who died on March 30, was proved on April 29 by Miss Henrietta Sarah Foote, the sole executrix, the value of the estate being £1130.

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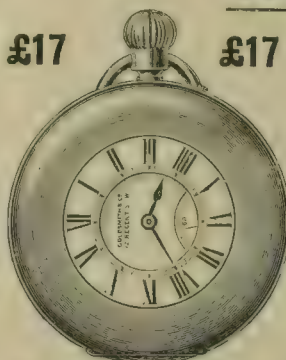
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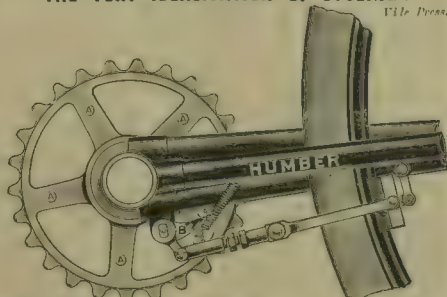
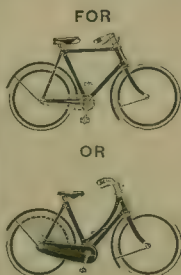
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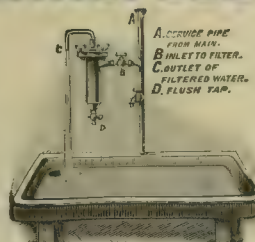
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Ft. in. Ft. in.	£ s. d.	Ft. in. Ft. in.	£ s. d.	Ft. in. Ft. in.	£ s. d.
13 6 by 9 0	6 5 0 each.	12 0 by 11 0	7 0 0 each.	13 0 by 12 0	8 5 0 each.
11 0 by 10 0	5 15 0 "	13 0 by 11 0	7 12 0 "	14 0 by 12 0	8 15 0 "
12 0 by 10 0	6 5 0 "	14 0 by 11 0	8 5 0 "	16 0 by 12 0	10 0 0 "
13 6 by 10 0	7 0 0 "	15 0 by 11 0	8 15 0 "		

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SIZES.	PRICES.	SIZES.	PRICES.	SIZES.	PRICES.
Ft. in. Ft. in.	£ s. d.	Ft. in. Ft. in.	£ s. d.	Ft. in. Ft. in.	£ s. d.
11 0 by 10 4	7 5 0	14 8 by 10 6	6 8 6	14 1 by 10 6	7 8 0
14 10 by 9 8	7 4 0	14 7 by 10 4	6 8 0	14 1 by 10 10	7 1 0
11 7 by 10 4	6 3 6	14 8 by 9 11	6 2 0	15 5 by 10 6	8 2 0
14 8 by 10 8	8 10 0	14 1 by 10 6	7 8 0	15 0 by 10 10	8 3 0
14 8 by 10 6	7 14 0	14 8 by 10 7	7 15 0	15 0 by 10 2	6 7 6
14 10 by 10 8	7 18 0	14 5 by 10 10	7 10 0	15 5 by 11 2	8 10 0
14 7 by 10 5	7 12 0	14 9 by 10 1	8 1 6	15 5 by 11 5	7 10 0
14 6 by 10 10	7 17 0	14 0 by 10 9	7 11 0	15 3 by 11 7	8 17 0
14 9 by 10 8	7 18 0				

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Helping the Stomach

The Stomach is like "Fire," or "Water," a good friend but a bad master. As a friend it craves work to do, which is shown by good Appetite, and it sets about its work with so much energy that we have efficient Digestion, and later on perfect Assimilation—the Source of Life and Strength.

On the other hand, the Stomach as a master works fitfully and in a sulky manner. This soon spoils the Appetite and ruins the Digestion. Then the suffering begins. The partially digested food becomes an irritant, and we have a host of disagreeable Symptoms, such as Nausea, Flatulence, Distension, Pain, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Sleeplessness, and a general tired feeling of Weakness.

Now we can change the Stomach from a despot master into a willing friend by simply helping it with occasional doses of Guy's Tonic, until it is shortly able to carry on its work without assistance. This useful Family Medicine is steadily growing in popular favour.

As a direct consequence of taking Guy's Tonic good Appetite returns, and with it the capacity to enjoy food, to digest it, and to gain Strength therefrom. General experience extended over many years proves conclusively that Guy's Tonic corrects and cures both neglect and misuse of the Stomach, and strengthens it for future work.

Take Guy's Tonic.

E. J. HIRWOOD, Esq., of Clarence Villa, Donnington Road, Reading, writes on April 14, 1899—

"I have taken your excellent Guy's Tonic occasionally for the last two years, and have proved it to be an absolute cure for Indigestion and Dyspepsia. I am sure there is no better Tonic to be obtained."

"Stomach Disorders."

MR. ROBERT SPROT, of 51, Orchard Street, Galston, Ayrshire, writes—

"Guy's Tonic is the best Medicine my Wife has ever taken for Stomach Disorders. She has been ailing more or less for the last Twenty years, and Guy's Tonic is the finest Digestive Medicine that she has ever obtained."

MR. WM. LAURIE, of 18, India Place, Edinburgh, writes—

"I once had a booklet, entitled 'What to Eat and What to Avoid,' from you, but having lent it, it has never been returned to me. Would you be kind enough to let me have another copy? It is almost superfluous to add that I have derived great benefit from Guy's Tonic. I occasionally purchase it now, when my Stomach gets 'out of gear.'"

"The Best Remedy."

J. L. MITCHELL, Esq., of Waterstone, Abergavenny, writes—

"My Wife considers Guy's Tonic the best Remedy for Indigestion, and as she has taken so much medicine, she ought to know. Guy's Tonic has done her more good than anything else."

"A Good Appetite."

MRS. BRITTAIN, of 116, Lumley Street, Swaffers Carr, near Middlesbrough, writes—

"I write to thank you for Guy's Tonic safely received. I feel a great deal better. I can take my meals better than I have done for some time. Guy's Tonic gives me a good Appetite. I have not felt the Indigestion since I took it."

"Flatulence and Sickness."

THE REV. FATHER IGNATIUS writes from Llanthony Abbey—

"Father Ignatius encloses postal orders for the two bottles of Guy's Tonic sent. Guy's Tonic has been very much blessed by God to the Brother for whom it was ordered, and who was suffering from almost entire inability to eat, Flatulence, Waterbrash, and Sickness."

Doctors Recommend Guy's Tonic.

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"I often use Guy's Tonic myself with advantage, and our Family Doctor frequently prescribes it as one of the best Tonics he can give."

"EDWIN H. STOTT,
"Manager of the Review of Reviews."

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Guy's Tonic is 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per Bottle. Of all Chemists and Stores.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

It is disappointing to see that the number of ordinations in the Church of England is still decreasing. At the Lent ordinations the numbers were 102, as compared with 113 last year. What is much worse, the intellectual status steadily declines. Only forty-three per cent. were graduates of Oxford and Cambridge. The percentage of graduates among some Nonconformist bodies—especially among Presbyterians—is at least as high as that, if not higher.

The May Meetings, including the Church Missionary Society anniversary and the Bible Society anniversary, have suffered in numbers from the extraordinary interest shown in the proceedings of the C.M.S. centenary. Many came up from the country to attend the centenary meetings, and were accordingly unable to be present, as usual, at the other meetings. The best speech at the Bible Society meeting was made by Bishop Mitchinson, but the gathering was greatly entertained by the thoroughly Welsh speech of the Dean of St. David's. It was delivered with immense vigour and go.

The death of Mr. H. O. Wakeman, Fellow and Bursar of All Souls' College, has caused widespread regret. Mr. Wakeman was, perhaps, the most prominent of the younger

High Church laymen. He was keenly interested in the work of the Oxford House, the Oxford Mission to Calcutta, Pusey House, Keble, and All Souls'. His books on Church history have been widely read, particularly the last, "The Introduction to English Church History." Mr. Wakeman was a man of large means, and contributed generously to Church funds.

Canon MacColl's book on the Reformation settlement has been published by Messrs. Longmans. It contains a large variety of arguments in favour of High Church practices, including the use of incense and reservation.

Canon Benham has been elected President of Zion College—an excellent appointment.

An important and well-signed medical memorial has been presented to the Convocation of Canterbury on the difficult question of the Communion of the Sick. Seven hundred and eighty-five medical practitioners say that the Office for the Communion of the Sick is in many cases far too long, and it is very detrimental, and occasionally even dangerous, to the sick person. They plead that the sacrament should be administered in the way which is easiest to the sick and dying, and that the custom of taking the sacrament to the sick ought to be

specially permitted, as in former times, to the end that very real difficulties and dangers may be as far as possible avoided.

Canon Gore is to take a well-earned holiday on the Continent. He will be absent for a month.

Mrs. Emma Marshall, who has died at her residence near Bristol from a severe attack of pneumonia, has long been regarded as a safe Evangelical writer. Her stories had not a large circulation, but her constituency was steady. Curiously enough, there was always a demand for them on the Continent, and I think Tauchnitz practically published them all.

It comes out in the Life of William Morris by Mr. Mackail that one of the books that influenced him and his circle most in the early days was Miss Yonge's "Heir of Redclyffe." Miss Yonge is not much read by the younger generation, but it may be doubted whether they have discovered a better writer of the kind.

Very favourable statistics are published of Wesleyan Methodism during last year. Every item shows an increase, and three quarters of a million have already been raised for the Centenary Fund.

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